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From Beginning

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THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

BY SIR GEORGE BUCHANAN, G.C.B.

In the first year of the war, when the great Russian steam roller was believed to be moving slowly but surely towards Berlin, when it was difficult to find words to do justice to the heroic exploits of Russia's army and to the services which she was rendering the Allied cause, one of our greatest statesmen and orators, after reviewing all that was being done by our other Allies, exclaimed: 'But what shall I say about Russia?' That is the question that I am asking myself to-night, for it is still more difficult to do justice to her now that she has fallen from her high estate and drifted into anarchy and chaos. How sad it is to look back and to recall the expectations raised by Russia's early victories; how tragic to trace the stages of her downward course and to contemplate the transformation of a powerful and united nation into a helpless mass of warring atoms.

To the outside observer Russia had presented the appearance of a country that would bear the strain of a protracted war better than any other of the Allies. She disposed of an inexhaustible man power and she possessed territory so vast that loss of ground, which in the West would have involved disaster, was not in her case of such vital importance, as her armies, if only they remained intact, could always retire further into the interior. These territories, moreover, were so rich in corn and oil, in timber and in minerals, that she was virtually self-supporting. The financial position was sound, and she had a gold reserve of £150,000,000. To those, however, who were better acquainted with the working of her administrative machinery and with the conditions of her economic life, the weak points in her armor were too apparent to justify such an estimate of her staying powers. All authority was centralized in a bureaucracy which even in normal times had shown itself incapable of administering the affairs of so vast an Empire, with its population of 180,000,000, while there was a complete absence of coördination between the various Government departments. Each Minister was directly responsible to the Emperor and to the Emperor alone, and was under no obligation to impart to his colleagues information respecting the affairs of his department, though he might do so as an act of courtesy. The President of the Council was

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but *primus inter pares*, and though he could press his own views on the Emperor on all matters of State, he had not the right to control the action of his colleagues, who resented any interference on his part as an encroachment on their prerogatives. So much was this the case that M. Sazonoff once took me to task for having during his absence abroad addressed myself to the President of the Council, and for having obtained from him certain assurances with regard to Russia's policy in Persia, on the ground that the Minister for Foreign Affairs, or in his absence the Acting Minister, was alone responsible to the Emperor for Russia's foreign policy. On my reminding him that the Russian Ambassador in London appealed from time to time to the Prime Minister on questions which were of vital moment to the maintenance of our understanding with Russia, M. Sazonoff replied: 'You forget that Russia is not a parliamentary country and that the President of the Council has no right to interfere in the conduct of foreign affairs.'

A Government so constituted — without either collective responsibility or coördination — could not under the most favorable circumstances have stood the strain of a world-war. But Russia, unfortunately, was heavily handicapped in other ways — her transport services and industries were so deficient that they were unequal to the task of manufacturing and distributing the goods required by the army and the civil population. She was cut off from the outside world save during a few months of the year when Archangel was no longer icebound, for the construction of the Murman railway, which had been planned in the reign of Alexander III, was not taken in hand till after the first year of the war. With incredible lack of foresight the Government had neglected to connect the capital with their only ice-free port at Alexandrovsk, though they must have known that in the event of war with Germany the Baltic would be closed to them as a channel of communication with the outer world. Nor can they plead that they were taken unawares, for they had had ample warning that unless Russia was prepared to renounce her historic rôle in the Balkans such a war was no remote possibility. They had seen how during the Bosnian crisis of 1908–9 the Kaiser had donned his shining armor in support of the pretensions of his Austrian ally, while during the two Balkan wars the spectre of war had more than once hovered over their own country. I remember on one of these occasions asking a distinguished member of the Duma, who was advocating the adoption by the Entente of a firmer and more energetic policy, whether Russia was ready to face a European war. He replied at once in the negative, but added: 'She never will be ready.' He was right.

The Government relied almost entirely on Russia's inexhaustible manpower, and based their calculations as regarded war material and equipment on the experiences of the Russo-Japanese war, and it was only by a reckless sacrifice of life and by the dogged courage of her soldiers that Russia won her early victories. No finer men ever marched to battle than those who fought under the Russian flag at the commencement of the war, but they had soon to face the enemy on terribly unequal terms, as guns and shells, rifles and ammunition, all ran short. You have read, no doubt, how during the disastrous retreat from Galicia a large percentage of the infantry were without rifles and cartridges, how the supports had to wait unarmed to pick up the rifles of their fallen comrades, and how many of them fought with sticks and stones. Let us pay a tribute of ad-

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miration to the memory of these brave men, and let us not forget that it was the Russian army that gave us breathing time wherein to create that wonderful army that has saved Europe from German domination. But, after all its losses and sufferings, the fighting spirit of the Russian army was almost broken, while its loyal devotion to the Emperor was cooling fast, and already in the autumn of 1915 officers and even generals returning from the front voiced the feeling prevailing among all ranks, as they openly declared that as soon as the war was over they would sweep away the whole gang of bureaucrats who had left the army defenseless before the enemy. The army, however, as a whole did not wish to compromise the success of the war by taking immediate action, and Broussiloff's brilliant offensive in the following spring was proof that it was still a factor to be counted with. Thanks, moreover, to the action taken by patriotic Russians throughout the country, a great improvement had been effected in its equipment, while large consignments of artillery and war material had been received from France and Great Britain. As a matter of fact the Russian army had never been so well equipped as it was at the beginning of 1917, and preparations for a spring offensive were in active progress. These preparations were stayed by the revolution, and though Kerensky once assured me that Imperial Russia would never have rendered the Allies such assistance in the war as, according to his forecast, revolutionary Russia was about to give them, he was, as subsequent events have shown, grievously mistaken.

While the fighting spirit of the army had thus been impaired by the lack of munitions, the ardor of the civilian population was damped by the scarcity of food and of all articles of clothing. In the larger towns, where the population had been doubled by the influx of refugees from the provinces occupied by the Germans, the most elementary necessaries of life could only be obtained by standing for hours in queues in the bitter cold of a Russian winter. There is a limit to the powers of endurance of even the most long-suffering race, and it was the scarcity of food and the looting of a few bakers' shops that gave the signal for the revolution.

I had been present at Moscow when, in August, 1914, the Emperor read the War Manifesto, and as I watched the huge crowd in its loyal devotion prostrate itself before His Majesty as he left the church, I wondered how long the war enthusiasm would last, and what would be the attitude of the masses should the war be indefinitely prolonged. On the very eve of the war there had been serious strikes and considerable social unrest, but, contrary to what the Germans had expected, the war had united the nation as it had seldom been united before. The strikes ceased as if by magic, and the whole nation responded to the Emperor's call to arms and shared his determination to see it through. Unfortunately, however, for himself and Russia, the Emperor had from the outset declared that the nation's energies must be concentrated on the war, and that all questions of internal reforms must wait till after the conclusion of peace. The Emperor and the Orthodox Church represented the two great symbols of the political and spiritual creeds of the mass of Russian peasants, and, fortified with the blessing of their church, they willingly laid down their lives for their Little Father. But these sacrifices merited some return, and afforded the Emperor a unique opportunity of drawing closer the bonds which the war had forged between sovereign and people. I more than once in the course of the next two years endeavored to impress

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this fact on the Emperor's Ministers, and to urge that it is easy to concede as an act of grace for services rendered what it might be humiliating to grant out of fear of a popular rising. There were among the members of the Government liberal-minded men, like Krivoshein and Sazonoff, who fully understood this, but they were in the minority. Before taking over the command of the army, after the retreat from Galicia and the fall of Warsaw, the Emperor had added to their number by selecting Ministers who, like Samarin, the Procurator of the Holy Synod, enjoyed the nation's confidence. But these appointments did not go far enough to appease the uneasiness caused by reverses in the field and the growing scarcity of supplies, and in an audience at the commencement of 1916 I made a personal appeal to the Emperor to mark his appreciation of his people's sacrifices by concessions. As he still maintained that reforms must wait till after victory had been won, I urged him at all events to give his people some sign that would encourage them to hope for better things to come. I do not know whether he was influenced or not by what I said, but two weeks later he appeared unexpectedly at the opening sitting of the Duma. His presence there produced a profound impression, and marked, as my dear friend Sazonoff said to me at the time, the happiest day in Russia's history. The hopes and expectations founded on it were short-lived. As the military situation, which had been so critical in the preceding year, improved, the reactionaries once more gained the ascendant, and one after another of the more liberal Ministers were sacrificed. Polivanoff, the popular War Minister; Samarin, against whom Rasputin had vowed vengeance for having exposed certain abuses in the church; and Sazonoff, to whose place as Foreign Minister Stürmer aspired, all went. Sazonoff's loss was irreparable, for he had been one of the master builders of the Russo-British understanding, and was a loyal and devoted friend of the Allies, who saw in the adoption of a more liberal policy the best hope of carrying on the war to a victorious finish. Stürmer, on the contrary, was a reactionary with pro-German sympathies, who was afraid that an alliance with the democratic governments of the West would serve as a channel through which liberal ideas would penetrate into Russia.

The Emperor was too absorbed by military matters to give that close attention to the questions of internal policy which the growing gravity of the situation demanded, and the Empress, who remained at Tsarskoe Selo, whence she paid occasional visits to headquarters, was treated by Stürmer as a sort of regent. It was through Her Majesty to whom he paid assiduous court, that he endeavored to impose his views and policy on the Emperor.

Incompetent reactionary Ministers succeeded each other in quick succession, and fanned the flame of disaffection and revolt that was smouldering underground. The Duma met in November and Miliukoff in an historic speech denounced Stürmer as a traitor, while Puriskevitch, who but two years before had been an ultra-reactionary, called on the Ministers in impassioned language to throw themselves on their knees before the Emperor, to tell him that things could not go on as they were, and to beseech him to liberate Russia from Rasputin and from all the occult influences which were governing and betraying her. Even such a conservative body as the Council of Empire protested, though in more moderate language, while members of the Imperial family, both collectively and individually, made urgent representations to the Emperor. Russia, indeed,

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with the exception of the extremists, was once more united, but not as at the beginning of the war. Between the Emperor and his subjects an insuperable barrier had arisen, and in all parts of the Empire voices were raised in condemnation of the dark forces behind the throne which made and unmade Ministers. Rasputin's assassination did but harden the Emperor's heart against all those who were advocating concessions. Protopopoff — a renegade from Liberalism, whose unbalanced mind had been turned by his appointment as Minister of the Interior, and on whose shoulders Rasputin's mantle had fallen — was now all-powerful, and the measures which he took were directly calculated to provoke disturbances. The Duma met at the end of February, but its opening sitting passed off so quietly that I thought I could safely go to Finland for ten days' rest. It was, however, but the calm before the storm, and on my return, by almost the last train that was allowed to enter Petrograd, I found the revolution in full swing. The revolution was not the work of any secret political society, nor was it carried out on any carefully thought-out plan. It was the spontaneous act of a people worn out by sufferings and privations whose patience and power of endurance were at last exhausted. It began with the looting of a baker's shop, and ended with the mutiny of one after the other of the regiments of the Petrograd garrison. Had the Emperor at once come to Petrograd and made timely concessions he might have saved his crown, even at the eleventh hour. But, kept in ignorance by his entourage of the gravity of the crisis, he prorogued the Duma and ordered troops to be sent to repress the mutiny, and by so doing he sealed his own fate and that of the dynasty. When he at last left the Stavka it was too late. The revolution was an accomplished fact, and the old régime had ceased to exist.

I have so recently vindicated the Emperor's memory as regards certain unfounded charges and misrepresentations that I need not repeat what I said on that subject at the Russia Club dinner. I should like, however, to say a few words about the Empress, who, if the reports which we have received are confirmed, has suffered so cruelly that we can only think of her with pity and commiseration. The Emperor, it is true, was so entirely under her influence that history will hold her responsible for having inspired a policy disastrous alike to the dynasty and to Russia, but in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, she was not a pro-German working in Germany's interests, nor did she, any more than the Emperor, contemplate the conclusion of a separate peace with Germany. She had a strong personal dislike for the Emperor William, and it is quite untrue that she ever acted as his agent. She was a reactionary, who wished to hand down the autocracy intact to her son, and she consequently persuaded the Emperor to choose as his Ministers men on whom she could rely to carry out a firm and unyielding policy, quite regardless of their other qualifications. There were, however, German agents in the background, who pulled the strings and used Her Majesty as well as others in the Emperor's entourage as their unconscious tools for the purpose of inducing the Emperor to pursue a reactionary policy, while they themselves preached revolution to his subjects, in order that Russia might be so rent by internal disorders as to be forced to make peace. The Empress believed to the last that the army and the peasantry were on her side, and that she could count on their support, as Protopopoff was in the habit of having bogus telegrams dispatched to her

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from all parts of the Empire, signed by fictitious persons, assuring her of their love and devotion. I would merely add that the scandalous stories circulated about her relations with Rasputin are absolutely unfounded. She regarded that impostor, incredible as it may seem, with feelings almost of adoration, as a holy man, whose prayers would keep her son in health, and she believed that Rasputin's fate, as he had himself so often told her, was indissolubly linked to that of the dynasty — a prediction that, curiously enough, was subsequently fulfilled.

In his book entitled *The Eclipse of Russia*, Dr. Dillon speaks of the Bolshevik offensive having been supported by the British and the French, and I should therefore like to take this opportunity of correcting a misapprehension that may perhaps owe its origin to certain words used by me in an interview which I gave to representatives of the Russian press last December. Those words, 'without our coöperation,' if read in connection with the context, can only refer, as was clearly understood by the Russian press at the time, to our coöperation with Russia in the war, and not to some imaginary part which I am supposed to have played in the revolution.

My one end and aim throughout was to keep Russia in the war, and, like the leaders of the Duma, I was above all things anxious that the course of the military operations should not be compromised by any grave internal crisis. It was in order to avert any such catastrophe that I repeatedly warned the Emperor of the danger of the course he was steering, and that I told him that to regain his people's love and confidence was an essential condition of victory. Apart, moreover, from purely military considerations, I personally believed that it was by a gradual process of evolution that Russia would have the best chance of finding salvation. Before my last audience, in January, 1917, when I explained to the Emperor all the dangers of the situation with absolute frankness, I had asked the President what would really satisfy the Duma, in order that I might advise His Majesty accordingly. Rodzianko replied that all that the Duma asked for was that the Emperor should appoint as President of the Council a man who commanded both His Majesty's confidence and the confidence of the nation, and that he should give him a free hand to choose his own colleagues. This was the advice which I pressed on the Emperor. It was such a small thing to ask — such an easy thing to grant — but the Emperor, unfortunately for himself and for Russia, thought otherwise.

I have dwelt at such length on the genesis of the revolution that I can take but the briefest possible survey of its course and of the events that led up to Russia's final collapse. On its prorogation by Imperial Ukase on March 12 the Duma had formed an Executive Committee for the provisional conduct of affairs, and on the same day the Socialists met and founded the Council of Workmen's Deputies. This council was, a couple of days later, enlarged so as to admit representatives of the soldiers, who had played such a prominent part in the revolution, and was converted into the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies. As a result of a compromise between the Soviet — the name by which this council is best known — and the Duma Committee, a provisional Government was formed to carry on the administration of the country till the meeting of the Constituent Assembly. The Soviet, which was represented in it by Kerensky, made no secret of its determination to control the Government's action and to be master of the army; and the whole his-

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tory of the next eight months is that of a struggle between those two rival bodies, one of which emanated from the Duma, the only legally constituted organ in the country, and the other a self-constituted assembly, which possessed no legal status, but which had behind it a strong party organization and was supported by the local Soviets that it had set up throughout the country. For the Allies the chief interest in this struggle was the effect that it might have on the war. It was to secure a more efficient conduct of the war that the Duma leaders had opposed the old régime, but now that that régime had fallen, the first act of the Soviet was to destroy the discipline of the army by its famous Prikaz forbidding soldiers to salute their officers, and transferring the disciplinary powers of the latter to committees of soldiers. It was in vain that I warned Prince Lvov and his colleagues, when I recognized the provisional Government officially in the name of His Majesty's Government, that, unless discipline was restored in the army, and unless order was maintained in the interior, Russia's newly acquired liberties would soon be a thing of the past. By the majority of the Socialists a well-disciplined army was regarded as a dangerous weapon that might one day be turned against the revolution, while the Bolsheviki foresaw that the break-up of the army would place at their disposal a mass of armed peasants and workmen with whose help they hoped to rise to power. The moderate Socialists, moreover, who entered the Government at the end of May, believed that the war could be ended by detaching the German proletariat from their Government without our first defeating the German armies. Though Kerensky made an heroic attempt to galvanize the army into new life, and succeeded in inducing it to take the July offensive, which was attended with a short-lived initial success, the demoralization of the army continued apace, and disaster followed on disaster. Had the Government had the courage, after the abortive Bolshevik rising in July, to stamp out Bolshevism when it was still in their power to do so, the army might perhaps have been saved. But repressive measures were repugnant to Kerensky, and after the ill-starred Korniloff episode the Bolsheviki once more raised their heads. That Kerensky purposely set a trap for Korniloff, as some persons contend, I do not believe, but the true story of that unfortunate affair has still to be written. There were undoubtedly behind Korniloff men who were working for the overthrow of the provisional Government, just as there were behind Kerensky others whose object was to get rid of Korniloff, and it is by no means improbable that the strings were being pulled by German agents. Thereafter Kerensky ceased to control the situation, and though he succeeded, with the help of the moderate Socialists, in forming a new coalition Government, that Government had no power, and was but a Government in name. Up to the very last, however, he believed that he was strong enough to quell any Bolshevik rising that might take place. He was utterly mistaken, and when the blow fell, the provisional Government collapsed as the Empire had collapsed, with no one to defend them but a small body of cadets and a few women soldiers.

The supreme power was now in the hands of the Bolsheviki, who had won over the soldiers, the workmen, and the peasants by the magic words 'Peace, Bread, and Land.' How, I would ask, have these deluded dupes profited by these vain promises? The treaty, which was to have given Russia a peace without annexations or contribu-

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tions, has placed under German control some of her richest provinces, and has imposed on her an indemnity of £300,000,000. The army, it is true, has been disbanded, but there has been no peace for Russia, rent as she is by class war. The land hunger of the peasants has been satisfied by a decree proclaiming the confiscation of all private estates and of all church and Crown land, but, as no legal machinery was set up for its partition, villages and individual peasants fought one another for its coveted possession, and the land went to whoever could seize and hold the most. The workmen, on the other hand, to whom the control of the factories was entrusted, did not know how to manage them, and as nobody cared to work, most of the factories have been closed and the workmen thrown on the streets. As there are, consequently, no manufactured goods in the country, the ruble has lost its purchasing power, and the peasant, who has stocks of grain, refuses to part with them. The promised food has not been forthcoming, and famine is claiming thousands of victims. Workmen and peasants alike have realized too late by bitter experience what Bolshevik rule means, and how it has spelled ruin both for themselves and their country. Liberty, the watchword of the February revolution, has long been a dead letter — it is the monopoly of a single class, of a minority which through its Red army terrorizes the majority of the nation. All who do not subscribe to the articles of the Bolshevik creed are disfranchised, all papers which do not support the Government are suppressed. Justice is unobtainable, or only to be bought, and corruption is rampant. Never since the days of Ivan the Terrible has Russia suffered from such tyranny; and when, some weeks ago, the Bolsheviki feared that their power was on the wane, they indulged in an orgy of massacre and pillage, in the hope of overawing a helpless people with the Red Terror. Nobody's life is safe — all their political opponents, whether belonging to the Socialist or non-Socialist parties, to the working classes or to the aristocracy, are styled counter-revolutionaries, and as such are judged guilty and sentenced to death. The process of passing sentence on individuals is even found too slow, and they are massacred in batches, the Red Guard or the Chinese mercenaries employed as executioners being free to choose their victims from the list of the proscribed. Such are the methods by which those pseudo-democrats, Lenin and Trotzky, have attempted to found their Socialist State, and such are the precepts of the Bolshevik gospel which they fain would see preached in this and other countries. They have voted money for Bolshevik propaganda abroad, and, though I have too much faith in the common sense and patriotism of the British workman to believe that he would ever listen to their insidious pleadings, it would be well that he should be on his guard and that he should realize the ghastly suffering and ruin which Bolshevism has brought on Russia.

The sympathy felt in certain quarters for Bolshevism is due entirely to ignorance of what Bolsheviki really are. They are not democrats as we understand the meaning of that word. They are anarchists, and I am convinced that, were any of our so-called Bolsheviki to go to Russia and see with their own eyes the crimes that are being committed there in the name of liberty, they would never call themselves Bolsheviki again.

I am often asked how Russia can ever emerge from the chaos in which she is plunged, and how the present anarchy is to end. This is no easy question to answer, and I can only say that

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I firmly believe in Russia's eventual regeneration provided that the Allies will help her to cast off the Bolshevik tyranny which is sapping her vital force, and that they will further with all the means at their disposal her political and economic reconstruction. Dark as is the present outlook, it is, let us hope, that darkness which precedes the dawn, for in the East the first rays of light are already breaking through the clouds. The success that Siberia has achieved in the war of liberation which she is waging against the Bolsheviki and their German masters will, if it be sustained, inspire the other nationalities of Russia to rise and overthrow their oppressors. There are signs moreover, of a revival of the national spirit — of a tendency, which all Russians should encourage, to sink old party differences and to unite to save Russia from permanent disruption. The great victories won by the Allies in the West must also, sooner or later, react on the Russian situation and force Germany to relax her grip, for the Allies, I trust, will not forget Russia when the moment comes for settling accounts with Germany. Perhaps the most hopeful sign of all is the reawakening of the national conscience and the growing tendency of peasants and workmen alike to revisit their deserted churches. After the revolution, in which she had taken no part, the church lost her hold over the masses, who, left to themselves, turned liberty into license and indulged in every kind of excess. Now that their sufferings and privations have awakened in them feelings of remorse for the ruin which they have wrought, their old faith and their old beliefs are moving them to make their peace with God through the Orthodox church. The church may in time form the rallying point of a great national movement. Moscow will then be purged of the Bolsheviki, who have desecrated the glorious churches in the Kremlin with sacrilegious acts and who have reddened her streets with blood. She will again become the centre of Russian political and religious life, and, as she gathers her erring and repentant children around her, she will once more be, as she was in the past, the historic shrine in which the great heart of the Russian people lives and beats. God grant that, when that day dawns — when a new, free, and united Russia arises from the ashes of the old, her heart will ever beat in unison with ours.

The Fortnightly Review

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INTERVENTION: A BRITISH PROTEST

Our present relations with Russia are about as indefensible as can be imagined. The Foreign Office, or those who control the policy of the Foreign Office, can hardly be ignorant of that — how should they be? — but, so far as appears, are preparing to cover one error with a greater error and to make bad worse. In the midst of the preoccupation of a great war the little war with Russia has received comparatively little attention, and it is hardly realized that, though the great war is over, the little war goes on, and, moreover, that if it is not stopped now or soon it is likely to become a very much larger war and a more and more intolerable and indefensible one, so intolerable and indefensible, indeed, that it is capable of producing grave reactions here, extending to the overthrow of a government. We originally embarked on this Russian adventure under wholly different circumstances and for reasons — so far as reasons were given — which have no present application whatever. After the intervention by Germany in the civil war between 'Reds' and 'Whites' in Finland and her virtual occupation of the country there was a real, if somewhat remote, danger that she might strike through Finland at the narrow strip of Russian territory which divides the north of Finland from the Arctic Ocean and establish for herself a naval station on the Murmansk coast giving her access to the Arctic and a new outlet for her submarines. At a moment when the submarine war was at its height and Russia lay helpless and subservient there was reason, if not very urgent reason — since the district was extremely inaccessible and a long railway would have had to be built guarding against this peril. That was the extent of the danger and the extent of the need for our occupation. Its extension to Archangel, which is not ice-free, and to a large stretch of country inland had no such justification. The occupation of Vladivostok, Russia's ice-free port in the Pacific, five thousand miles away, followed by the advance, with the coöperation of Japan, westward into Siberia, was as a military measure equally unjustified. Both these extensions of the original intervention were defended on quite other grounds. It was said that Russia had become the mere tool of Germany, and that it was necessary, first, to prevent the further extension of Germany's influence and her increasing exploitation of Russian resources and, secondly, to 'reconstitute the eastern front.' In this connection the happy discovery was made of scattered bands of Czecho-Slovak prisoners who, it was urged, must in the first place be rescued and in the second place utilized in this process of reconstituting the eastern front.

So matters stood at the time of the collapse of Germany and the conclusion of the armistice. Obviously every reason hitherto alleged, whether for the original occupation of the Murmansk coast or for the subsequent expeditions to Archangel and Siberia, had now disappeared. They were all in the nature of defenses against the attack of Germany, and there was no longer any attack or possibility of attack from Germany. Germany as a military Power was dead. But were the defensive measures, the counter-attacks, dead also? Not at all; they continue in full force. There is quite a prospect

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that they may be largely extended. For the moment, of course, there is a pause. Winter is no respecter of persons or of policies. Very soon Archangel will be frozen up, and our army of occupation there will be frozen up also. In the east the Japanese have steadily and very sensibly refused to advance a mile farther. They have reached Lake Baikal, and beyond Lake Baikal they decline to go. So if we desire to extend our operations in this direction we shall have to do it ourselves, for America will certainly not assist us and will prudently follow the Japanese example. But there are other possible fields of operation. We have recently obtained access to the Black Sea. We are therefore now in a position to repeat in the extreme south of Russia our performances in the extreme north, and as a matter of fact it is credibly reported that the War Office is now engaged in making a survey of the country. The Ukraine, under German and Austrian control, has become the refuge, or dumping-ground, of a whole collection of Russian reactionaries of various sorts and sizes, and the same is true to a less extent of the Don country and other districts to the east. It would be easy to play into the hands of these gentry, as we have played into the hands of others of the same description in Eastern Siberia, where a purely reactionary party has now dismissed the local popular (not Bolshevik) Government and established a military Government of its own.

But what conceivable justification, it may be asked, is there for any such proceedings? And how is it possible that any British Government should embark on so wanton and criminal an interference in the affairs of another nation? Such questions may indeed well be asked, but it is doubtful if they will receive any presentable answer. For the fact is that the real though unavowed reason for our previous interference is entirely different from the avowed reasons, and it is a little awkward now that the avowed reasons have disappeared to produce the real one, the more so as this is not a very nice reason, or one which is likely to commend itself to reasonable people in this country or to our working class. That reason, of course, is that the war against Russia has from the first really been a war against that particular form of Socialistic theory known as Bolshevism. We are no admirers of that theory. Applied to any Western European country, we believe it would be disastrously subversive. Even in Russia we may doubt its permanence. But there it is. It has established itself; it has existed for more than a year. It is not weakening in power; all trustworthy information goes to show that it is gaining in power, that it has established order, that it meets with general support from some eighty millions of people whom it controls, that it is grappling successfully with the food problem, that it is promoting the popular arts, music and the drama, and is preparing a great scheme of popular education — that, in fact, it is performing most of the normal functions of a Government, and performing them with increasing success. These are the facts, but they do not suit the policy, the policy at least hitherto pursued, of our freedom-loving Government. The telegrams of the few British correspondents, including our own, who are still in a position to give authentic information are ruthlessly censored or suppressed, and the Government goes on in its blind and foolish way, a way that can, if persisted in, lead only to discredit and disaster. This is the situation as we understand it. Bolshevism is to be suppressed by armed force, and in order to prepare people's minds for

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it and to lend it some color of justification not only is truth as to the condition of Russia suppressed but currency is given to all kinds of wild statements and palpable exaggerations. The Bolsheviki are not angels from Heaven. They have, like most revolutionaries, executed a good number of their enemies, but these executions have mostly taken place since the intervention of the Allies gave encouragement to the counter-revolutionaries and made them more formidable. Mr. Litvinoff, who is an honest man and a Tolstoyan before he is a Bolshevik, puts the total number of executions since the Bolsheviki came into power at four hundred, half of them of ordinary criminals. That is probably an under-estimate. If information were allowed to come through from other sources we might get nearer the truth. This then, so far as there is a policy, appears to be the policy. It has got to be changed. Perhaps the Government are already awakening to the fact, but find it difficult to get out of the mess they have themselves created. Let them take heart. It is easier now than it will be later. Every week, every month that they stay in Russia and wage a war on Russia which has lost every shred of avowable reason and has no justification will make it more difficult to escape. If with the coming of spring they should see fit to resume or extend their military operations, it is well they should understand that it will not be tolerated in this country. The workers here are not going to send their sons to slaughter and be slaughtered against the workers of another country against which we have never even declared war and for the purpose of destroying a form of social economy with which some of them at least are in sympathy. If it is sought to check the progress of Bolshevism and prevent its spread to this country, that is precisely the way to defeat that object. We prefer not to consider the possible further consequences of such reckless folly.

The Manchester Guardian

THE TREES OF ENGLAND

THE trees of England! While she hath her trees
She hath great virtues still! While formal yews
Guard her trim gardens, she can never lose
Homes for her scholars, men of learned ease.
And while her pines stand stark against blue seas
Murmuring of yet bluer seas to cruise —
Her sons, that hear them, as of old shall choose
To quit her peace, and though it burn or freeze,
To win for her in grim and perilous realms
New and great glory. With her mighty-thewed
Oaks shall abide her spirit bluff and strong;
And while her winds are prayerful in great elms,
Poets shall seek her haunts of solitude,
And English leaves shall murmur through English song.

The New Witness *By Geoffrey Howard*

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GIBRALTAR AND CEUTA

BY SIR CHARLES CALLWELL, K.C.B.

THE attitude maintained by Spain during the world war has hardly been of a character to rouse Entente peoples to enthusiasm. Whatever has been the reason for it, King Alphonso's subjects, his Government, and his army have appeared on the whole to be in sympathy with Germany rather than with the Allied States. Madrid has on occasion displayed a tenderness towards Hun pirates which to us seems difficult to account for. That small neutral nations which have been to some extent at the mercy of the Great General Staff of Berlin, such as the Dutch, the Danes, and the Norwegians, should have felt themselves obliged to tolerate the outrages committed upon their shipping and their sailors by the U-boats, is intelligible enough. But that Spain, situated geographically at so great a distance from the Central Powers, far beyond the range of Teutonic Zeppelins and aviators, and absolutely secure from military invasion, should have taken such insults lying down either argues pro-Germanism or else connotes a singular decay in spirit on the part of what used to be regarded as a proud and honor loving nation.

It is the latter point — the question whether Spanish patriotism is what it was — that especially interests us when we come to investigate the project, vaguely mooted from time to time of late years, of effecting an exchange of the European for the African Pillar of Hercules. Do the Spaniards of to-day, as Spaniards undoubtedly did in the past, bitterly resent British presence on the Rock of Gibraltar? Or do they acquiesce in an arrangement of somewhat long standing with merely a mild protest, as they have for all practical purposes been acquiescing for the last year or two in the sinking of their vessels and the murder of their seamen by the crews of submarines belonging to an ostensibly friendly State?

There was a period in the early days of the present war when the accession of Spain to the cause of the Allies would have been extremely welcome and when such an alliance would have been worth purchasing at a considerable price. Leaving the fighting forces of the land of the Dons ashore and afloat entirely out of account, the unchallenged claim upon the industrial capabilities, upon the mineral wealth, and upon the animal resources of the Iberian Peninsula which such a political transformation would have conferred on our side, would have been an asset of the utmost value to the Entente. A full and free use of the numerous ports and harbors and inlets on the coast of the Spanish mainland, of the Balearic Islands, and of the Canaries and Azores, would have been of no little assistance to the naval forces that were engaged in combating the under-water craft of the Central Powers. Nor would the moral effect of one more important nation, a nation possessing widespread influence in South America, declaring itself to be at one with us have been a factor to be disregarded. We have got on pretty well without Spain as it has turned out; but one does wonder whether she

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could have been 'brought in,' let us say in 1915, by an undertaking given by His Majesty's Government that Gibraltar would be ceded on the conclusion of hostilities, in exchange for Ceuta.

To the British public, to a large proportion of the people of this country at all events, a proposal to give up Gibraltar would come as a tremendous shock. There is a glamour about that razor-edged, limestone mountain jutting out from Spanish territory, such as invests no other portion of the King's dominions beyond the seas. In the part that it has played in building up the Empire it has rivaled Quebec. The sight of the Rock standing sentinel over the Straits impresses the traveler from the United Kingdom, as even the first glimpse of the flat-topped heights overshadowing Table Bay will not affect him. We have been brought up to believe the stronghold to be impregnable and to call it the Key of the Mediterranean. We have all of us heard of its hidden galleries, hewn in the precipices of the northern face. We revel in the story of the two years' siege, of the successive reliefs of the stricken garrison, of the great bombardment, and of the red-hot shot. Deliver it up? That would be much to ask.

Still, we live in a prosaic age, and Gibraltar does mean a good deal more to us than a mere monument to eighteenth-century achievements on the part of fighters under Rooke and Rodney, under Eliott and Lord Howe. It ranks as a first-class naval station. It possesses an extensive artificial harbor capable of sheltering numbers of warships against their worst enemy when at rest — the hostile torpedo craft and submarines. It is fitted out with repairing appliances on an elaborate scale for succoring damaged vessels in time of war. It is furnished with generous store buildings, it has appropriate accommodation for masses of coal, and it includes three extensive dry docks constructed at great expense. And yet the fact remains that this haven and its naval establishments nestling under the shadow of the Rock are singularly badly placed in a tactical sense under the fighting conditions of to-day. Whether the lessons taught by the experiences of the great war will modify the views of experts as to our need for maintaining a secure place of rest, refreshment, and repair for the fleet at the mouth of the Mediterranean, remains to be seen. But, assuming the strategical situation in those waters to be regarded as virtually unaltered, then the question of Gibraltar is one that is entitled to serious consideration.

Little had been done previous to 1895 to make the Rock of real value to our naval forces, although such harbor works and establishments as existed were useful enough in time of peace. But in that year a programme of development, conceived on ambitious lines, was taken in hand, it having been decided to create the enclosed port and the dockyard very much as these are to be seen to-day; and with a singular lack of foresight the western, and not the eastern, side of Gibraltar was chosen as the site. Naval officers and artillery officers were fully prepared for increase in the power of ordnance as technical science progressed, and the sinking of great sums of money in fashioning a first-class naval station, which would assuredly before long be within range of guns and howitzers planted round the two sides of the bay that are not in British hands, appeared to many even then to be an ill-judged proceeding — an analogous harbor constructed on the eastern side of the Rock would obviously be incomparably better protected against

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bombardment from the land, even if not wholly immune from such fire. Still it must be admitted that there was excuse for emplacing the works on the wrong side of the great promontory. The town lies on the western side and there is far more elbow room at the base of the mountain, the eastern slopes being very abrupt. The torpedo was regarded with well-justified apprehension, it was desirable to secure protection for the fleet against this threat as soon as possible, and the 'New Mole,' a quarter of a mile long, already provided a good start for the longest of the three arms that were contemplated as framework of the harbor. Works on the eastern side were bound to present greater technical difficulty and therefore to be more expensive than works within Gibraltar Bay, owing to a greater exposure to heavy seas. All these points were undoubtedly entitled to consideration; but in 1901, when the undertaking was far from completed although the moles were in a very forward state, representations made by Mr. T. G. Bowles and the experiences of the South African war caused a committee to be assembled to examine into the question afresh. The late Admiral Sir F. Richards was chairman, and he was assisted on the military side by Sir W. Nicholson, Mr. Bowles also taking part in the proceedings.

This committee recognized the value of the works on the western side of the Rock (on which about 1,700,000*l.* out of the 4,700,000*l.* that they ultimately cost had already been expended) as providing protection as they stood against torpedo craft. But they recommended that an enclosed harbor with dockyard establishments, estimated to cost 4,800,000*l.*, should be taken in hand on the eastern side which would be 'fourteen times' as secure against land bombardment. This project was, however, rejected, the works on the western side were completed, and, given a chart or map of the Straits of Gibraltar and a pair of compasses, anybody can judge for himself whether our great naval station at the mouth of the Mediterranean is satisfactorily placed or not in view of conceivable contingencies and developments. It will be found that an arc of a circle of 10,000 yards radius, struck from the centre of the harbor and extending for about 130 degrees from near Cernero Point at the southwestern extremity of Gibraltar Bay to the high ground near the Mediterranean shore a little east of north of the Rock, traverses almost continuously high ground that looks down upon the harbor. Assume, for the sake of argument, the fortress to be besieged by land some day, and port, docks, and storehouses become a veritable shell trap. The enemy observers will enjoy unwonted privileges in respect to direct view and ideal cross bearings. From high ground to the north even field guns and howitzers will be able to plant their projectiles in the dry docks at the southern, and therefore the most distant, end of the harbor. A fleet will have to be in evil case before seeking refuge in so hot a corner.

A very few years before the new harbor works were started, the writer had occasion to make a tour of the ports and coast line of Morocco, which was in those days a sovereign empire of somewhat old-fashioned ways and one with which there was always an off-chance of coming to blows; and on his way home he paid a first visit to Gibraltar. Even then he was impressed with the cramped character of the position in which the famous place of arms was planted down, and with the extent to which its business side was dominated by rising ground in alien

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keeping. There was already talk of developing the existing harbor works for naval purposes, and it occurred to him forcibly that, rather than commit the country to so doubtful an undertaking, it might be desirable to abandon the place altogether if Spain would hand over Ceuta in exchange. He made representations to that effect — familiarity with the boundless agricultural and commercial resources of Mauretania and a remembrance of the mass of seaweed-grown boulders marking the site of the mole we built when we held the gates of this land of promise, perhaps made him a not impartial judge. The matter received some little consideration at the time, as indeed it had before. It has been occasionally considered since.

The pear-shaped peninsula with narrow neck known as Ceuta projects eastwards in extension of the southern shore of the Gut of Gibraltar. On its land side it is only commanded within an arc of 90 degrees, and that only from its immediate vicinity. The frontier between Spanish and Moorish territory ran at a distance of between 4,000 and 5,000 yards from the harbor (which is on the northern side and within the bight created by the isthmus joining the peninsula to the mainland) in the early 'nineties; but since those days all this part of Morocco has become a Spanish protectorate. Were an exchange to be effected under existing conditions we should naturally insist upon the cession of an adequate sector of hinterland, one with a radius, say, of a dozen miles, struck from the isthmus and the harbor. This would secure for us that elbow room which is so lacking at Gibraltar, would provide us with sites in healthy upland for barracks and habitations, would place ample training areas at the disposal of the garrison, and would add to the King's dominions beyond the seas a health resort to which the leisured classes from the Old Country would flock in crowds in winter time. We had designs on this Spanish outpost in 1704, it may be remarked, when Sir G. Rooke and the Duke of Hesse captured Gibraltar; but the project was abandoned. The place was occupied by British troops on behalf of Spain from 1810 to 1814 during the peninsular war. It is interesting to note that the chronicler of its seizure by the Portuguese in 1410 wrote, 'Of a surety no one can deny that Ceuta is the very key of all the Mediterranean Sea.'

The area of the peninsula in itself is less than two thirds that of the Crown Colony of Gibraltar, and its culminating point, about 650 feet above sea level, is only about half the altitude of the Rock. But there is plenty of high ground in the hinterland close at hand, and, while much better placed in every way to resist attack by land than the fortress across the Straits, its surroundings are equally favorable for the setting up of elevated batteries bearing seawards. An enclosed harbor is under construction, protected by two lengthy moles, offering ample depth of water, and having an area about two thirds of that shut in by the Gibraltar breakwaters.

The truth is that, were we starting afresh with Gibraltar and Ceuta to choose from just as nature made them, nobody in this country would dream of selecting the former as an outpost of Empire — the objections to it are manifest and manifold. Restricted area, lack of training ground, water problems overcome only by much ingenuity and labor, a congested township incapable of expansion, and a climate apt to be oppressive in the autumn months, combine to make the Rock an unsatisfactory military station, quite apart from its topographical disabili-

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ties as a fortress. Furthermore, it is part and parcel of Spain even if the British flag floats from the battlements, just as much as the Isle of Wight is part and parcel of England; and that in itself is objectionable. But when we come to consider the question of exchange, we are dealing with Gibraltar and Ceuta not as nature made them but as they stand to-day.

In addition to the harbor at Gibraltar being completed and being more spacious than that at Ceuta, there is the dockyard with its dry docks and establishments; they cost very nearly 3,000,000*l.* to construct between 1895 and 1905. The defense works are more complete and appropriate, and the barracks better, than those on the far side of the water. To bring Ceuta up to the Gibraltar standard as naval station and base, in respect to efficacy of coast defenses and as regards buildings to be occupied by troops, would probably involve an expenditure of quite 5,000,000*l.* Would Spain, for the sake of getting rid of us off the Rock, of acquiring a valuable port asking for the construction of only some six miles of branch line to link it up with the general railway system of the country, and of gaining possession of the excellent docks and dockyard buildings, be prepared to pay so large a sum as this, as well as to cede 100 square miles or so of Moorish territory? The point suggests itself that we might, in place of demanding money down, arrive at some agreement granting us concession rights in respect to railway communications leading from Ceuta to Tetuan and Tangier, communications designed to tap the resources of the northwestern extremity of Morocco and to draw these to the British wharves. The difficulties in the way of creating a satisfactory commercial harbor at Tangier are great, whereas a good harbor is in course of construction at Ceuta and should be capable of much improvement.* Given steam communication with the interior without vexatious restrictions, the haven overlooked by the southern Pillar of Hercules might come to be the busiest port on the African coast between Cape Town and Algiers.

Putting our national susceptibilities and our affection for the Rock on one side, there is something to be said for the deal proposed above — but they are more easily put on one side on paper than in practice. When the writer one day in 1915 discussed this question with Lord Kitchener, who had never heard of the project before, the great war Minister remarked, 'Yes, yes, I see all that — and I would give a good deal to have Spain in on our side. But how about the British public and British sentiment? Have n't you rather overlooked them?' The leading points of the case have been set out in the foregoing paragraphs, and no opinion is expressed whether or not an effort ought to be made on the part of His Majesty's Government to effect the exchange that has been debated. But there is one aspect of the strategical and political problems that are involved which ought not to be overlooked. Were Spain to recover possession of Gibraltar she would never yield up that Rock to a foreign State except under *duresse*. But it is quite conceivable that she might some day hand over Ceuta to a Power whose presence in that part of the world we did not hanker after.

The end of the great war is now in sight, and its termination is accepted on most hands as a fitting opportunity for a general settlement of national claims, as a juncture when it may be feasible to satisfy a number of racial aspirations on the principle of give and

* According to the latest supplement of the *Mediterranean Pilot*, 1100 yards out of a total of 2600 yards of mole were completed in 1915.

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take and thanks to mutual good will, and as the date from which territory that ought to be in the keeping of some particular people but is in the hands of others shall revert to its rightful owners. There also exists the idea of establishing a League of Nations, an idea entertained by numbers of persons of light and leading in this and other countries. Some of us — maybe of the baser sort — remain unimpressed and even regard the whole nebulous and idealistic project with profound suspicion. Still, if there is to be a League of Nations, of what profit is the Rock to us? Naval stations with their appurtenances can only be regarded as an anachronism when the reign of universal peace sets in; our famous fastness on the Andalusian littoral then ceases to be more than a port of remarkable possibilities but condemned to virtual idleness for lack of communications with the interior and as a result of an impenetrable customs' barrier.

The Nineteenth Century and After

INTERNED IN BULGARIA

A LIEUTENANT of the Royal Air Force who has just reached England after a long internment in Bulgaria writes the following account of his experiences:

'My stay in a prisoners-of-war camp in Bulgaria was the direct outcome of a little affair with German airmen. Early on a morning in June, 1917, we started on a long reconnaissance flight. I had the extreme good fortune to have as my pilot one of the very first men released from the navy to take up flying on behalf of the senior service. For a time all went well, but when about to alter course for home a tremendous anti-aircraft barrage was put up, and in a few moments we were engaging the first of three enemy machines. We were successful in driving him down, but suffered somewhat severe damage ourselves, and the pilot was badly wounded. The remaining Huns now took up the running, and after having damaged one of them we were forced to descend, our machine being quite out of control and the engine out of action. It was a remarkable feat on the part of the pilot to land the machine with as little damage to ourselves as he did.

'Within ten minutes of landing we were seized upon by Turkish soldiery, who were in the act of handing over their section of the line to Bulgars. After a short stay in a field dressing station we were moved to Drama Hospital, and our wounds attended to with all possible care. Our spirits rose very considerably when we contemplated our happy fate. We were, as we were constantly reminded, bound for Philippopolis, a city of a thousand delights. Here British officers dwelt in the acme of luxury and comfort, the honored guests of a magnanimous foe. Visions of beautifully furnished apartments, with every modern convenience, rose before our eyes. Imagine our disgust and dejection, when, after 36 hours in a verminous railway compartment, the true picture revealed itself. The

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officers' quarters was a large wooden hut — a one-time cholera hospital — with a concrete floor and a sheet-iron roof. The inner side of the wall was coated with a mixture of mud and chopped straw, and formed an ideal breeding-ground for various vermin. The walls were in such a condition that in wet weather it was no uncommon event for frogs to penetrate to our rooms. The roof, in spite of many complaints and promises of repair, remained in a sadly leaky condition, and in the June of last year a large portion of it was removed by a violent sandstorm and never replaced. Of furniture, crockery, washing accommodation, etc., there was none whatever. Two trestles, three planks, and a paillasse of more or less clean straw were served out, but, in the opinion of the Bulgars, their obligations here ceased, and this absolutely bare building was all that was provided. Partitions, cubicles, bunks, cupboards, shelves, etc., were constructed according to individual taste, it being possible to buy planking and nails in the town, though at desperation prices. Entirely inadequate rations were issued daily. A leaden loaf of black bread, weighing about 300 grammes, was, as a rule, the only edible issue. The remainder consisted of a selection of either pepper-pods, egg-fruit, siftings from the rice mills, or a couple of half-rotten cabbages, together with a daily piece of rock salt, or some other Bulgarian "dainty" unpalatable to an Englishman.

'It will thus be seen that we were practically dependent on our parcels from home for our well-being. It was generally a matter of five or six months before the first parcel was received. During this period one was forced to accept charity from officers already in receipt of parcels, and when a new unfortunate arrived, he was either taken on by one of the little messes of three or four into which we divided ourselves or there was a whip round for food and spare articles of clothing. Left in the hands of the Bulgars the camp sanitary arrangements were disgusting. Eventually we took charge of things ourselves, and were able to obviate in a great measure the dangers and offenses. A certain amount of foodstuff, etc., could be purchased in the town, but at well-nigh prohibitive figures. Bulgaria employs the metric system of weights and measures, the money unit being the leva, value 9½*d*. The average prices prevailing last summer for certain commodities were as follows: Sugar, 40 to 50 leva per kilo; butter and dripping, 40 to 45; flour, 15 to 20; potatoes, 4 to 5; eggs, 0.65 to 1 leva each; chickens, 30 leva each; apples and plums, 12 leva per kilo; tea, 200 leva per kilo; coffee and cocoa, 150 leva per kilo; coarse soap, 60 leva per kilo. One of our heaviest expenses was fuel, charcoal costing 1.50 leva per kilo, and wood 0.50 leva per kilo. The quantity consumed for cooking and heating necessitated an expenditure of between £3 and £4 a month per head. Latterly lighting had been a serious problem, oil being unpurchasable, and carbide very, very poor and extremely dear. Eggs before the war were less than a leva per hundred, and a full-grown chicken could be bought for 3 or 4 pence. Even at the war figures I quote it was often impossible to obtain supplies. A penny egg-cup cost 5 leva, and the cheapest of German cutlery and Austrian crockery was literally worth its weight in silver; 1½-inch and 2-inch nails stood at the astounding price of 30 leva per kilo, and the poorest quality string was 1 leva a metre. For a shoddy suit of clothes £50 was demanded. No

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wonder that our letters home were full of supplications for the maximum quantity of food, clothing, and general supplies, and that Mr. Murphy, the American Charge d'Affaires at Sofia, was always besieged for money when he visited us at Philippopolis. Mr. Murphy did his best for us in the matter of camp improvements, and in attempting to remove or ease irksome restrictions. In his endeavors he was nobly aided by our dear friend Colonel Nicoloff. A Bulgar, a soldier, a gentleman, with the real welfare of his country at heart, we English prisoners owe him a great debt of gratitude which can scarcely be repaid.

'For reading matter we were not so entirely dependent on parcels from home as the Y.M.C.A. had a greatly-appreciated hut in the camp, and had gathered together a small library. This same hut served us for church services, which were held at irregular intervals, according as an officiating minister could be obtained, and also for our concerts, which were held every few weeks, and did a great deal towards relieving the dread monotony of our colorless existence. Compared with that of the officers, the men's lot was an unenviable one. Totaling about a thousand, when in the camp they were herded together in filthy barracks, many preferring to sleep in the drenching rain rather than face the unseen creeping horrors of the night. The rations were totally inadequate and entirely unpalatable to the English taste, and but for their parcels very few men would have been left alive to attempt the journey home. Pilfering of parcels was no rare occurrence, but it is only fair to say that the thefts generally took place in Austria. Coming to the very bottom of the treatment scale, I really must mention the terrible plight of the miserable Serbs interned in the camp. Never have I seen such broken, spiritless wrecks of humanity clothed in filthy rags, and it is a marvel that any of them survived a winter. Their only food was the miserable Bulgar loaf and a modicum of soup 90 per cent water. There were no regimental or home parcels for these miserable people, and the Serb women degraded themselves rather than let their babes starve. With my own eyes I have seen old men, too weak to stand, kicked and whipped while lying helpless on the ground. And many a woman was beaten for a moral offense (by the most immoral of people) when endeavoring at such a cost to gain food for her child. The death-rate from combined cruelty and starvation last winter was appalling. Coffins were not considered necessary, and at times several bodies huddled up just as they expired, were bundled into one shallow, unprotected grave, which a few hours later would be visited by rooting pigs and half-wild dogs.

'One of the chief activities of the British officers was making schemes of escape. Over thirty attempts were made, but not a single one proved successful. On one occasion the Commandant of the camp remarked that the country itself was our prison, and that although we might with more or less difficulty get away from the depot, it would be well-nigh impossible to get out of the country. One party, consisting of three English and one French officer, accomplished the magnificent feat of reaching the coast opposite the island of Thasos, but they were discovered endeavoring to attract the attention of a passing trawler, and after terrible sufferings, being forced to walk many miles under a fierce sun with little or no water, they found themselves in a

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camp at Sevlievo, where they had to be at once admitted to hospital. The French officer died as a result of his experiences, and only the good constitutions of his companions saved them from a like fate. An officer attempting to make his way back to his own country to risk his life anew is looked upon in Bulgaria as a criminal lunatic. It naturally takes a long time from the conception of a plan of escape to its execution. Great care and patience have to be exercised in accumulating the necessary kit. We were a party of four, three R.N.A.S. and one R.F.C.—a Canadian. Specific duties were allotted to each member of the expedition, one being responsible for compasses and all scientific and technical preparations; a second spent many hours preparing maps; the collection of food, the getting together of medical stores, and the making of packs occupied the attention of the others. Really excellent packs were made of the canvas in which our parcels had come. These were waterproofed with linseed oil at 70 leva a quart, and fitted with bottles for water and alcohol for our spirit stores. At last on August 12 our arrangements were complete. The officers' barracks was closely invested at night by many sentries, so the conventional method of crawling between posts was out of the question. We were able, however, to make our way during the day down to the men's barracks, and after being secreted there for about thirty hours we were able to effect our escape from the depot.

'And now commenced the most enjoyable ten days of my stay in Bulgaria. We quickly left the enervating plain, and the hills opened up to us a new world. The icy water of mountain springs was as wine, and the clean cold air was a magnificent tonic. After an evening's hard traveling camp is pitched in the best cover, though we are probably miles from a living soul. The warmth of the camp fire, the feeling of physical well-being, the lack of mental worries, the beauty of the wild mountain scene, the flickering flames lighting up the nearer clumps of spruce, all combine to cause the depot and its restrictions to recede into the realms of dreams. We were fortunate in having perfect weather for our trip, and the wonderful and ever-varying scenery will forever be a pleasant memory of Bulgaria and captivity.

'After various little adventures we came to our tenth night of freedom. The going over the mountains is terribly hard, and we barely keep up an average of five miles travel a day. Steep gullies and huge humps presented obstacles which took much valuable time to surmount.

'On our tenth night we had occupied eight hours of strenuous hard work and had only made three miles. Dawn was just breaking when, utterly exhausted, we camped on the banks of a gurgling stream at the bottom of a spruce-covered ravine. Early in the morning a small Turk shepherd boy espied us and without arousing us or betraying his presence made his way hot-foot to the small town of Chepelare in the near vicinity. A patrol was sent out, and much violent shouting caused us to start up to find ourselves neatly surrounded and gazing down the barrels of businesslike rifles and revolvers. Escape was out of the question; we declared we were German naval officers, but it was of no avail. We were marched off to the local headquarters, and then commenced a long series of interrogations. We were shown an order promulgated by a Bulgarian General

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of Division instructing his subordinates that all prisoners of war taken while attempting to escape were to be shot. We eventually made our way back to Philippopolis on an ox-wagon. On this return journey we had the opportunity of meeting a large number of the mountain village folk, and very pleasant, exceedingly good-natured we found them. The usual procedure is for a recaptured prisoner to do twenty days in confinement, and then to be sent away to another camp where he is more or less strafed. When our three weeks were up, however, the authorities were beginning to get some inkling of what was likely to happen at the front, and we were permitted to return to our old quarters.

'One of the saddest occurrences of our stay took place only a fortnight or so before the Bulgar collapse. Two R.A.F. officers endeavored to escape, but only succeeded in getting a few kilometres from the camp. They had the misfortune to stumble on a vineyard belonging to a local battalion who kept a guard over their property. After having challenged, according to their version, they opened fire, and Captain —— was shot through the stomach. First aid was rendered, and early the next morning he was removed to hospital. Every attention was given him, but he passed away the next night after two years' captivity. He was one of our most valued officers, being on the Sports and Entertainments Committees. He had previously served with the London Scottish, and was the pround possessor of the Mons Star.

The Morning Post

Once again we were indebted to Colonel Nicoloff for urging the necessity of the best medical and nursing assistance. The behavior of the Bulgarian authorities in respect to the funeral was an absolute scandal. They undertook all arrangements and accomplished nothing. Colonel Nicoloff, in an entirely unofficial position, was the only representative at the funeral of the 'most enlightened people of the Balkans.' All officers, British, French, and Italian, attended the sad ceremony, and when leaving Bulgaria a handsome monument was in course of erection subscribed for by his British colleagues.

'At long, long last rumors of wonderful happenings at the front began to trickle through, and our hearts sang with hope. However, when the definite news of an armistice reached us, notwithstanding our long-conceived ideas of celebration, we were really too dazed to carry out our plans. It seemed too good to be true. The Bulgarians were delighted with the end of their war, and were of the undoubted opinion that they would do much better at the hands of the Allies than by remaining any longer the vassal and tool of Germany. At length arrangements were complete for our departure. About ten officers and two hundred men could be handled at one time. Our journey took us by rail to Sofia, and on to Radonur, from there on the Deccaville (light railway) to Kilometre Stone 24, from thence to Doiran by motor-lorry, and by train once more to Salonica, and then *en route* for HOME!'

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FRANCE SALUTES PRESIDENT WILSON

BY HENRI LAVEDAN

THE armistice is signed. The superhuman valor of the soldiers of the Alliance has forced Victory to descend from the skies and crown our sublime effort and make holy our sacrifices.

The standards of Right, Justice, and Liberty, of which our colors and the colors of all who made the Great Crusade are faithful symbols, float in the stainless air.

An ineffable relief has seized upon this world of ours, through which Peace, her sword sheathed, yet still in arms, advances; long will she wear the horizon blue of war.

The young men who have been spared, the young men who gave their lives to their country to use, receive back their gift. Our women, who lived so many years in loneliness, open their arms to the returning.

Half of our mothers put aside their fears; half continue with their weeping, but they weep with joy glowing in their eyes, and all, those who have suffered, those who have been spared, declare the same soul amid their smiles and tears. Children hide whole volumes of memories in their heads, and the old folk say 'At last!' and are no longer unwilling to depart.

But these first moments of emotion, poignant and mad, these days of almost religious stupor once ended, Reason, reassured, asserts herself again. She thirsts to explain and understand, she explores anew, she dwells upon the tragic field of years over which she passed. After having endured the first caress of Victory, and begun to relish its force, Reason seeks its causes, she is irresistibly borne towards those who wished and obtained Victory, were the organizers and conquerors of Victory all to whom she may cry 'This I owe to you!'

By the side of the soldiers, in the first rank with them and a sharer of their glory, on that very summit where stand the glorious figures of Clemenceau, Foch, Joffre, and Lloyd George, there rises, sealed for posterity forever, the figure of President Wilson.

Though it has not seen him, the whole world knows him. All thinking men, all those gifted with active souls, and striving to live worthily as *men*, have the portrait of this great man always before their mind's eye. For four years, grave, profound, sovereign, he reigned there through the disturbances, the fears, the alternations of hope and dismay which his unperturbed features woke in us. During this war, it has been towards Wilson that our leaders have most often turned; we looked at him as we might have looked at a clock. What does Wilson say? What does he think? What will he do? Such were the daily questions of the peoples, such the preoccupation of all and everyone. The eloquence of his silence was as universal and individual as that of his speech.

When we scrutinized this long, strong face of an austere and intellectual thinness, of a cold and bony force, having the resistance and loyalty of stone, we saw that it revealed the sentiments and character of its possessor.

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That dominant forehead, wherein lay concentrated the toil of a magnificent and unresting intelligence, the straight line of the eyebrows telling of will power, the steely, ocean-like blue of the sharp yet meditative eyes, the cold gentleness of a look in which ambition and idealism together flamed, the look of a scientific dreamer, that firm mouth with lips shaped to utter the word of law, that large chin, sign of a character as well in hand as the butt of a revolver in the grasp of a 'Yank'—all these traits announced that predestined judge whose coming we awaited.

What a wonderful career! Having undergone neither accidents nor incidents; never compelled to amuse or flatter the world before he had gained it, Wilson suddenly filled that world not with the noise and vain show of his name but with the formidable reverberation of his ideas.

From those very earliest days during which he chose his position, he has appeared to us an arbiter, a judge. He does not call himself one, he acts the judge, he proves himself a judge. Did he have doubts of his rôle in the beginning? Was he not rather led to adopt it by the violent logic of things as well as by the steely rigor and the transformations of a colossal duty which opened wide and grew apace in the breath of the tempest? One can suppose it, and it would be hard to disbelieve it. All Wilson's processes of mind intermesh into a kind of spiritual and moral machine of unheard of power, one in which the highest, the most profound, the strongest, the most audacious, the most temperate considerations assume the form and compelling energy of powerful engines built to yield some definite and extraordinary product.

In such a manner was Wilson, after having been theoretically the philosopher, the apostle, and the faithful servant of justice, brought to make of himself the devoted artisan, the mechanic, the guardian, and the stern distributor of that justice indispensable to the winning of victory and the conclusion of peace.

With what a right good will, with what a delicacy of action, purity of conscience, grandeur and vigilance of the spirit, charity of heart, and generosity of soul he has accomplished the mission which he did not fear to undertake even when faced by all the most pressing problems of the future and the past. We have seen him; we have admired him; our descendants in their turn will wonder at it all, and the work of President Wilson will remain one of the legends of history. President Wilson will appear, in the poetry of the coming ages, like unto that Dante whom he resembles in profile, they will see him guiding through the dangers of the infernal world that white-robed Beatrice whom we call *Peace*. Mr. Wilson wished peace, and in order to facilitate its coming and shape it to all the exigencies of honor and security, he developed the tranquil cult of the Good, and if he has succeeded in this almost insurmountable task, it is because he has desired a peace through justice and for justice. It was for peace and for justice that he went to war. This man of law, this jurist of Sinai, this Solomon of Right and Duty has never failed to subordinate his conduct and that of the States of which he was the absolute representative, to the dominant sentiment of Justice. He was possessed by it as by a good demon. Nothing was to be wished, nothing was to be done—but Justice! Such a position, psychic and intellectual, securely founded on convictions and beliefs of rocky strength, alone could give to his decisions the serene authority and force necessary to impose them.

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Striking and significant fact — he was so attached to this fundamental task; he labored with such nicety of conscience, with such mastery of reason, and with so calm and ceaseless a recourse to wisdom, that there were times when he appeared detached from this task. For he had no need of passion, anger, and uproar to make known to the world the thunder of his thought. No trick of the theatre was his, he sought not after ostentation; his was the biblical manner. His implements were neither great deeds nor great phrases, but words, words of weight and worth, words that were formulas of acts, articles of treaties, principles, laws not to be broken, and decrees; thus was our side of the scales made to outweigh the other. And all this was brought to pass in the noblest and most democratic manner. A desk chair was his throne; he worked with a telephone, a typewriter, and a reading lamp beside him. The time will come when we shall see statues of him in those United States whose union he strengthened in the teeth of the perils and necessities of war, those United States whose open duty he revealed. And these statues, whether they be in France, Italy, or England, will not show him in military habit or booted and spurred like Washington and Lafayette, but will present him standing. He will not flourish a weapon, but his hand will be stretched forth over the continents and seas with the sacred gesture of one who holds an olive branch, a spray of laurel, or a torch.

But before he is made memorable in bronze and marble, let us salute in our hearts, in the temple of our gratitude, the image of this forever memorable man.

Honor to President Wilson, High Priest of the Ideal, Leaguer of the Nations, Benefactor of Humanity, Shepherd of Victory and Legislator of Peace.

L'Illustration

DREAM COME TRUE

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

Dearest, while it would sometimes seem
  As if I really had the art
Of putting into the words the dream
  That fills another's heart,

And though in its own dream-come-true
  My heart sings ever as a bird's,
The wonder of my life with you
  I cannot put in words.

The New Witness

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THE 'MARSEILLAISE' AT MUNSTER

THE revolution took place before us, in the heart of a camp in which we were imprisoned. During two hours, I was almost glad that I was a prisoner.

The spectacle was offered us one November morning.

We had known, since the 7th, that the sailors had mutinied at Kiel, at Hamburg, and at Cuxhaven, that they were masters of the fleet, and that the red flag floated at the masthead. On the 8th, in the streets of Munster near our camp, General von Bitter, commanding the 7th army corps, had been struck by a soldier whom he had reproved for a careless salute. This, too, we knew, for we had our informers.

About eight o'clock on the morning of the 9th, a report circulated that a delegate of the Soldiers' and Workmen's Council had just arrived at the camp. At first one smiled. The notion was amusing. Nevertheless, I determined to go and see what was happening, and my comrades followed me.

Well, it was true enough. A civilian was standing at the entrance to the courtyard. He carried a felt hat of the kind that Hansi used to caricature, and a red brassard was pinned on the sleeve of his mustard-colored overcoat. He was surrounded by German soldiers. I learned from one of them that the *delegirte* had appeared at their barracks. He had come from Munster accompanied by four soldiers of the garrison who did duty as his guard of honor. At the barracks he had shown a document which identified him as the delegate of the Soldiers' and Workmen's Committee of Munster. The soldiers, after having verified his title to authority, had recognized and acclaimed him. He was then giving his instructions to the soldiers on guard in our camp. Simple instructions!

'Tear off your insignia and your eagles. Reduce your officers to the ranks. There is only one voice which counts here — mine!' In a twinkling, the ground lay covered with the insignia and eagles ripped off by the soldiery. We stood about quite stupefied.

The soldiers had obeyed. The chiefs remained to be dealt with. The delegate and two soldiers entered the office of a *feldwebel* who wished to argue. They gave him two minutes. It took him less than that to submit. The *unter-offizier* on guard seemed disposed to resistance; the delegate removed his casque and disarmed him of his revolver. A German soldier cried out 'And the officers?' . . . The delegation hurried to the quarters of the captain charged with the administration of the camp. He was walking in an alleyway. The two soldiers advanced towards him, and one of them, without saying a word, pointed to the badge which decorated the officer's cap. The captain seemed not to understand. The soldier repeated his gesture. And Captain Baron X removed his cap, ripped off the badge, and threw it in the dust. At the same moment, a soldier took away the sabre of a *feldwebel* known for his brutalities, and broke it. All this took place as it might have in a dream.

The delegate then went to the French prisoner's hut, and introduced himself a second time, this time to our official representative. This representative was told that the delegate would manage the camp in the future. The dele-

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gate, however, made it clear that any idea of freeing the prisoners was out of order, that for their own best interest the prisoners must remain in the camp and obey whatever orders would be given them, but that only the delegate himself and the German soldiers would have the right to give any orders. He asked if the prisoners of war had any complaints to make. Their representative called his attention to certain matters; these he righted on the spot. As a kind of gift for the happy event, the delegate released all the prisoners in the camp jail.

Upon his asking where our musical societies might be found, we escorted him to the 'Symphony.' He requested that the 'Marseillaise' be sounded, and when the orchestra played the hymn, he took off his hat, and the German soldiers removed theirs. At the end of the measures, he applauded, and once more the German soldiers applauded.

The same scene took place before the 'Harmony'; a French band playing the 'Marseillaise' and German soldiers listening bare headed. The delegate then asked if there were any French flags to be had in the camp, and seeing us hesitating to answer, he cried out, 'If you have any, wear them.' We all had flags. In a few minutes the camp was decorated.

The dream was going on.

Nevertheless the delegate was not satisfied. He appeared to be looking for something. He wanted a red flag. Suddenly he perceived, at the window of the *cantine*, a red curtain, and expressed the desire that it be given him. Could a French prisoner refuse a German revolutionist a red flag? They gave him his curtain. And the red flag waved from the staff at which the flag of the Empire had once floated.

A new surprise, however, still awaited us. Another delegate had just arrived from Munster where the revolution had triumphed. At Munster, he regretted to say, the musical societies did not know the 'Marseillaise.' The delegate had been *specially* sent out by the Committee of Workmen to invite the French musicians to Munster that they might play the 'Marseillaise' and 'l'Internationale.' The crowd was waiting for them. They would be lodged among the people and *fed*, he neglected to say with what. My comrades hesitated. The prisoners' committee deliberated. Various opinions were expressed. Some thought the adventure would be amusing, but the majority inclined towards an attitude of reserve. So the invitation was not accepted in spite of the insistence of the delegate who continued to 'protest' and 'regret.'

Suddenly a soldier approached the delegates. He brought the news that the general commanding the camp, General Baron von Raitz, had just left for Munster. He had gone to search for troops. He had announced a hope of finding some. He intended to restore order in camp. The delegate smiled. 'He will not return.' An order was given to station machine guns along the road.

The show was over; the incident done with. The exchange of powers had been accomplished; the authority of the soldiers had replaced that of the officers.

Le Figaro

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SOCIAL DEMOCRACY IN CENTRAL EUROPE

FROM the overthrow of the Tsar up to the second battle of the Marne, the German Empire was the most powerful and dangerous enemy of European democracy. A proud military caste, whose fame of victory gave it unlimited authority and unbounded power over the nation, ruled the Empire. Under the prestige of their weapons the Junkers and the great capitalists dictated the course the Government should pursue. They employed the collapse of Russia to adventure in to the most perilous undertakings. They crushed the proletarian revolution in Finland and the Ukraine. They endeavored to attach Esthonia, Livonia, Courland, Lithuania, and Poland to Germany for all time to come. They dreamed of a powerful Empire, subjecting to its sway two score of nations, extending from the White Sea to the Black Sea and from the Bosphorus to the Persian Gulf. All the border peoples were to be united to Germany. Austria, two thirds of whose population are Slavs subordinated to German domination, was to be allied with Germany in a central Europe community. Turkey was to be organized by German officers and officials with the aid of German capitalists and engineers. Had it been possible to realize this plan, the path to democracy would have been blocked throughout this gigantic empire of subject nations. While German imperialism dreamed of this empire in the East, it also proposed a kingdom of Flanders in the West under German protection, and the annexation of the ore beds of French Lorraine. That was the German imperialism which we German Social Democrats in Austria combated. We fought these ideas because such plans for world conquest prolonged the war. We fought them because they involved Germany in a contest with a population numerically superior, and possessing industrial resources and raw materials enormously more abundant than our own, and, moreover, with an all-powerful alliance of the free nations of the earth. Such a contest involved a fearful peril for ourselves. We opposed this imperialism because its victory would have destroyed the freedom of all nations, and would have put an insurmountable obstacle in the way of the democratic progress of the greater part of Europe. We fought this imperialism because if it had been successful its plans of domination would have divided the world for decades into two enemy camps, would have brought about a new era of competition in armaments, and would inevitably have resulted in a revolt and a war of vengeance by the subject nations against Germany.

But since the German army was checked for a second time upon the Marne in its advance against Paris, the fortunes of war have changed in the West, and the dangers we combated no longer exist. German imperialism is no longer in a position to threaten the freedom of other nations. Victorious imperialism, not defeated imperialism, is dangerous. Instead of German imperialism it is now Entente imperialism that imperils the democratic constitution of future Europe.

While Germany's international position has changed the centre of authority at home has likewise shifted. Together with German imperialism threatening the freedom of other peoples, the caste system of govern-

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ment, that subjected the German people itself to the domination of generals, Junkers, and capitalists, has collapsed. The transformation that recently occurred in Germany should not be undervalued. But it is only a concession to necessity. The old powers are not yet disarmed. In spite of the introduction of parliamentary government in the Empire and of equal suffrage in Prussia the country is still far from true democracy. A possibility of its relapsing into its old course is not yet excluded. But, although the victory of democracy remains to be won, the concessions made to that principle, to which the ruling castes have been forced to accommodate themselves, are certain indications of its approaching triumph.

When the German people realize fully what misfortunes the ruling classes have brought upon their country they will soon settle with these gentlemen. When the soldiers have returned from trenches, where they have performed unexampled deeds for four years and where they have endured unprecedented suffering, only to find a diminished Fatherland, burdened with unendurable economic conditions, robbed of the foundations of its world commerce, they will demand a reckoning with the men who have brought this catastrophe upon the German nation. Never again will they entrust the destiny of their country to generals, Junkers, and capitalists. The German nation will take its fate in its own hands. Before the war broke out a third of the German people already acknowledged allegiance to the red flag. Now under such a frightful, such a crushing experience, under the pressure of a fearful transformation that has reduced great sections of the people to the proletariat, a majority will flock to the camp of the Social Democrats. No one can foresee how democracy will win its victory in Germany — whether it is to be in the storm and stress of a great revolution, or, as occurred in England, through a peaceful, smooth succession of legislative reforms. But though the method may be uncertain the triumph is assured. The Germany of to-morrow will be a democratic Germany.

The victory of German democracy will be the victory of German Socialism. No other country in the world is as ready for Socialism as Germany. In Russia, where a young proletariat has made a valiant but undisciplined attempt to create a Socialist State, the working classes form only one tenth of the population. In Germany the wage-earning proletariat forms two thirds of the people. In England, where the corresponding class is relatively even more numerous than in Germany, governmental organization of industry is making but slow and toilsome progress against the principle of free competition. In Germany, on the other hand, the Government intervened extensively and authoritatively in economic matters long before the war. The latter event forced Germany to organize its manufacturing and trade on a strictly governmental basis, and the vast machinery for socializing production and exchange, which served military purposes during the war and was controlled by military authorities, will be converted into an instrument of Socialism as soon as the control of the Government passes from the hands of the army to the hands of the proletariat. The compulsory syndicates that have been organized as war companies and controlled by the imperial bureaucracy are to-day capitalistic organizations serving military objects. But when the proletariat seizes power, when the Government places unions of workingmen in the positions of the capitalists who now manage the war

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companies, and places a democratic civil service recruited from the working people in place of the Junker bureaucrats who now regulate the companies, we shall have converted the capitalistic military war organization into the parent-cell of a Socialist organization of industry. Consequently, the economic and formal prerequisites of Socialism exist in Germany at present, to a greater extent than in any other country. In contrast with other nations, Socialism in Germany is merely a question of authority. We are confident of the ability of the German proletariat to seize this authority. The German proletarians returning from the trenches will not pay homage to Krupp and Hohenlohe, to Thyssen and Stinnes, to Rathenau and Ballin. The decisive battle between capital and labor will be fought on German soil, and will be fought in the near future.

Thus the Germany of to-morrow will be an entirely different country than the Germany of yesterday. It is important for us to realize this in order that the ideas of yesterday may not confuse our decision for to-morrow. For it is very possible that we Austrian-Germans will soon be forced to decide our future relations with that country. Old Austria is dead. We German Social Democrats of Austria want to build a new country which will be a federation of free nations. But if the other nationalities of Austria are unwilling to coöperate with us, or if they consent to do so only under conditions which do not guarantee us economic interests and our national right of self-determination, in that case German-Austrians must decide whether it will not be better to join what is now the German Empire as an autonomous federal State. Such a decision would not be easy; for our union with Germany would sunder our old commercial relations and plunge us headlong into new and unfamiliar conditions; it would subordinate us to a strange political and legal system; and only after a period of painful labor and trial could our national industry accommodate itself to the new situation. On the other hand, our union with what is the present German Empire would bring us many compensating advantages. In Austria where the conflicting interests of different nationalities play so great a part, and where these interests constantly overlap, democracy will always be limited by some power superior to the individual nations. Germany, on the other hand, will be a country of a single united people in which popular government can be unconditionally realized. In Austria the class struggle will inevitably be hampered and complicated by national conflicts, which will divert the people from social and political tasks, and will thus prevent the class battle of the proletariat from taking its normal course. In Austria we will remain part of an imperial union in which a majority of the people are peasants and in which industrial evolution has not yet attained the point of transition to Socialism; a union with Germany will make us members of a national community in which the prerequisite conditions for Socialism already exist.

The Arbeiter Zeitung

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THE MOST MISERABLE OF MEN

BY DESMOND MACCARTHY

'OF all men,' said the youth who was sitting in the far corner of the railway carriage, gazing into the setting sun, 'of all men I am the most miserable.'

We were alone in the compartment, and he was talking to himself. I rustled my paper, but he took no notice and his lips continued to move inaudibly. His worried young face looked intelligent and amiable. I liked him.

'I hope you won't think me intrusive,' I said (at the sound of my voice he came to himself), 'but, if you feel inclined, will you tell me what prompted that tragic exclamation?'

'What! What did I say?'

'You said you were the most miserable of men. It is not likely that I can help, but it might be a relief to talk about what is on your mind to someone you will never see again.'

After a pause he said shyly, 'I am ashamed.'

'Then you will get relief from telling me,' I replied. 'Confession makes us feel we are after all superior to ourselves. There is nothing like it for reviving self-respect.'

'I am too ashamed,' he repeated, smiling a little.

I leaned across and touched his knee. 'You will forgive me, then?' We were silent for some minutes and ceased to look at each other.

The rhythmic trantle-trantle of the unhurrying train was soothing to us both. Outside in the landscape the sun had gone down, and my tortured companion having now no dazzling disc to gaze into, fell to prodding the seat opposite with his stick. He was still considering himself, I surmised, in a painfully searching though, perhaps, no longer in a tragic light. I liked him very much.

'You see —— The fact is ——' (I turned to him at once). 'Oh! I can't,' he exclaimed desperately, bringing his heel down on the floor of the carriage with a bang.

'How long ago did it happen?'

He seemed relieved at my question. 'Three years about.'

'Three years! And you are still the most miserable of men?'

'Oh, no! That's only what I felt like just now. I don't often think of it; but when I do — it's absurd — I always say that to myself. It has become a habit. I don't always say it aloud though,' he added smiling.

'I am very glad you did,' I answered, 'for now you can get it off your mind, whatever it is, and it will never come back again — at any rate, so excruciatingly.'

He laughed, this time quite naturally. 'The truth is, now that I evidently mean to tell you, what embarrasses me most is that it is such a *little* thing.'

'There!' I exclaimed. 'There you are! You're half cured already. Go on. Go on.'

'Well, will you believe something first? Really believe it? I'm *not* a snob. I mean I am not, and never was such a snob as many other people. I don't boast about my fine acquaintances. I'm not such a fool — now, at any rate. And I swear I never really did, or very seldom ever; and even then only in a

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way, don't you know, that left me the benefit of the doubt. But hotels have, or rather *had* (Heaven knows I'm cured forever) a simply beastly effect on me. And,' he went on, stooping forward with a frown of agitated eagerness, 'I'm not a liar. I mean, of course, what anyone would call a liar. I lie very little. But these hotels! I've thought a lot about them, as you will soon be able to imagine, and I've made out a sort of psychology of the hotel crowd. You see, in an hotel, each person loses everything that distinguishes and explains him; everybody is anonymous. There people are cooped up together, eyeing each other, wondering about each other, sneering at each other, or approaching each other with the stiff comic caution of mistrustful dogs. Everybody who has n't an obvious badge is an unknown quantity. Everybody gossips and guesses about everybody else, and the result is everybody wants to flourish his or her credentials. That is the prevailing social atmosphere, and it is odious — I speak with the bitterness of one who has been infected by it. In an hotel a sensitive person invariably becomes contemptuous and misanthropic. One's fellow human beings are simply awful in hotels. When they come down day after day, to breakfast, lunch, and dinner; when you see them between whiles over the paraphernalia of tea in the marble hall, munching to music, you think to yourself, "This is too much! Here are these pigs with their noses in the trough again!" Of course, your own mouth is full, but they all look disgustingly idle and useless — so you do, no doubt. They don't know how to spend half their time — nor do you. And with these *tu-quoques* whispering in your ears, the impulse to distinguish yourself from them in the eyes of anyone who seems a little nicer than the rest, becomes irresistible. In short you are pushed into becoming a snob of one kind or another. And now for my adventure, which has made me,' and he laughed quite heartily, '"the most miserable of men."

'I shan't laugh again,' he added gloomily. 'It really is a painful story.

'I was preceding a friend of mine to a much frequented spot in Switzerland, a place for winter sports, where he was to meet me two days later. During the last stages of the journey I fell in with an English family, and we traveled in the same carriage. We soon made out that we were going to the same place and to the same hotel. The family consisted of a father, a kindly, modest, straightforward man, a mamma with a manner, a girl whose looks pleased me extremely, and a perky, censorious, public-school boy. I had better tell you I myself was in my twentieth year.

'Father and daughter both liked me at once, but mamma was proof against all my attempts to interest her; and when she did respond, it was with a non-committal smile, all the easier to read for being so gracious. The father, the daughter, and I were in those delightful spirits peculiar to the first morning abroad — you know how soon people make friends when they are childishly happy? The boy was at the age when he hates to show elation, and when the sight of a sister making a visible impression on a young man (for some unknown reason with which, nevertheless, I believe I sympathize) is particularly irritating. But even he thawed over our second breakfast in the train. His mother, however, mostly kept her face to the window, smiling on us in a pre-occupied way from time to time, and rubbing away the frosted breath from the pane to get a clearer view of the steep, snowy hills and pine woods as they passed. Sometimes with a little ejaculation she would single out

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something for admiration, but with all my alacrity I was always too late to share her pleasure.

'I think I divined at the time that she was capable of reading her husband a lecture on the folly of making friends in the train with young men one knows nothing about, and that she wished me to feel that she regarded our further acquaintance as strictly conditional. Indeed, I must have felt that challenge in her from the first, and inwardly resolved to overwhelm her with my credentials, for only from having taken some such unconscious resolution can I account for my subsequent impulse and behavior.

'Well, towards evening we arrived at our destination. It was a long lake in a barren Alpine valley, with a large straggling timber village beside it. Black figures were still pushing about like water spiders over the surface of the lake, and still more people were plodding their way in file or in knots towards the barrack-like hotels on the slopes. The stars had begun to point above the mountains; and to draw such air into the lungs was like swallowing a draught of glittering icy water.

'My new friends wanted me to get into their conveyance, for we had engaged rooms at the same hotel; and she whose presence had already begun to infuse a subtle exhilaration into the scene, called out to me there was "plenty, plenty of room." Her voice in the dusk sounded magically kind and clear. But even if her mother had not proceeded to fluff herself out over the seat, they would have been cramped; so I waved my hat and drove alone, through the wooden snow-thatched village up to the hotel.

'The circular door of the Imperial admitted me to a hall of which not only the atmosphere but the vegetation was apparently tropical. On my way across the marble floor towards the gilded lift, I noticed couples swinging nonchalantly in rocking chairs side by side among palms and flowers. There was a big group, laughing, talking round a flaring fire: girls in knitted jerseys, holding skates, girls in evening frocks, men in dinner jackets, and men still in their stockings and boots. The sting of frost was on all their faces, and their voices had that pleasant resonance which comes from having spent the day in the open air. At these sights the sense of the adventure of gregarious life got hold of me, and while I was unpacking I was filled with that delicious excitement (remember I was twenty) which gets so much weaker as one gets older — "O! What delightful things may not be going to happen to me next!" Then I opened the window and stepped out on to a balcony. The air was cold, the sky a limpid sable blue, and there, sure enough, were the mountains! If you had asked me, while I was arranging my things, what was the most exciting thing in the world, I should have said: "Oh, meeting people and expecting one does n't know what!" But at that moment such adventures seemed superficial, or, at any rate, mere garnishing to life. Dinner or no dinner, I felt I must go *out*. It was near *table d'hote* time, and the assembled crowd in the hall made me feel self-conscious. I made for the door like a man catching a train. Somebody laughed. But the next moment I was running down over the snow, gloriously happy.

'The lake was as dark as agate, and so smooth it seemed a shame to scratch smoothness so exquisite. Tiny crystal splinters ran before me on the ice, and sparkled in the moonlight. And the undulating ringing of skates — how pleasing that eerie sound is to the ear! Every now and then I would stop to listen to it, chirping and shivering away across the silence, till it touched the frozen banks and stopped. Out I

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flew through capes of darkness into bays of moonlight, curving this way and that, with that effortless steadiness in motion which makes a skater feel more like a gull than a man; till suddenly I felt as though I had been alone a very long time. I thought of the hotel, and turned to shore; and as I turned, far away on the dazzling white moonlight bank from which I had started, I saw a small dusky figure. It was a girl in a tam o' shanter putting on skates. Even before I recognized her I knew it was my friend of the journey, whose voice had sounded so friendly all day, who smiled more than most people do, and yet seemed graver than most. I struck out swiftly. We met, and hailed each other. Of all the words in the English language, I believe "Hullo" is the most useful. "Hullo! Is n't it glorious!" we exclaimed, and off we shot on separate ways to curve and recurve across each other's paths, saying, as we passed, things like: "My left ankle 's weak," or "Just look at the mountains," or "I could n't resist coming; could you?" Then away again we went. It excited me almost to laughter to think that she had felt the same impulse as I. Suddenly she called to me that she must go in; it was an intolerable shame, but they would be anxious about her, and she would be scolded as it was. I cannot remember what we said on the way back. It could not have been much, for we ran. But I have not forgotten the laughing face she turned to me from behind the gilt cage of the lift before she suddenly levitated and vanished upwards to get ready for *table d'hote*. That lengthy meal was so near completion and I was so hungry that I decided to go straight in. The newest arrivals were placed at the end of one of the long tables which was not yet full; and as I came in, trying to make my boots sound as little as possible on the parquet floor, I noticed that my seat would be beside my traveling companions. The father was nearest the end, the mother next above him, and the boy beyond her. So if I took the obvious chair she must sit on my other hand. I saw at once, from the look mamma gave me, that my not having changed for dinner confirmed her suspicions; and I thought that even her husband looked forward to our conversation soon showing the people opposite that I was not of his party. By way of explaining why I was not properly dressed, I said that I had not been able to resist going down to try the ice, and had stayed too late. This statement produced something like consternation. Papa put his pudding-spoon down suddenly instead of into his mouth, and I heard the mother say to her son: "George, run up at once. I must know what on earth Agatha's doing. Tell her to come down immediately. It's disgraceful; dinner is nearly over." But George did not budge. Then, turning to her husband, she said: "Do you mean to say you let that child go out at this time of night by herself after I told her not to?"

'"Did you see my daughter on the ice?" said her father to me, using his napkin, and looking guilty.

'I was in the middle of telling them how she had come down after I had been there some time and how we had returned together, when in she came, rosy and smiling, and settled down — with perhaps just a little too much the air of nothing whatever having occurred.

'"I'm very late. Oh, Dad, it was too lovely. Mr. —— was there. He'll tell it was worth missing all the courses for, though I *am* hungry."

'The effect of her voice on me was to make me think I must be looking as though a great deal had happened. I made matters worse by turning at once

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to speak to her and, when our eyes met, forgetting what I had to say. After that I felt I must forthwith make the running with mamma or she would see to it that their places were changed next day. From conversation in the train I knew the name of the county town where they lived, and by good luck I had stayed twice at a house in its neighborhood for balls. My memory for people now served me in good stead.

'I was not able to say "yes" repeatedly to the question, "Did I know the so and so's?" The effect of all this on mamma was — well, she became not only gracious but positively competitive, mentioning people and country houses herself with an ostentatious unostentation which made her children uncomfortable. "Oh, mamma," I heard Agatha once murmur, "you know we only met them over the hospital bazaar."

'I liked Agatha for that; I sympathized with her deeply. But I was too intent upon my object, too flushed with my progress — possibly also with the Burgundy I was drinking — not to push on. I became confident, gay, and satirical. I made the old man laugh by saying of a certain busybody cadet that if not the rose himself he was at any rate the thorn. I asked if the county beauty, Lady Georgina, was still as good as new. This led to mamma asking me — and as she spoke she swept the strangers opposite into the conversation with a comprehensive glance — if I knew Lady Georgina's father, Lord X. "Yes," I said, "I was driven over one afternoon to Thornton Abbey." That was true, but its enviable possessor happened to be, as a matter of fact, absent. I was proceeding to give my impressions when my attention was distracted by the behavior of an elderly gentleman in a dark tweed suit immediately opposite. He had risen and he had pushed his chair rather noisily into the table. I looked up and caught his eye. He was staring at me, I thought, with an odd, hostile intensity. Conversation had stopped for some yards along each side of the table. Yes, he was going to speak — and to me!

'"May I ask, sir," he was saying loudly and slowly, "if I have the honor to be numbered among your numerous acquaintances?"

'"No," I replied rather jauntily, "I am certain I never saw you before."

'He paused.

'"Well, I am Lord X," he said. And dropping his napkin on the table and pushing his hands into his pockets, he turned his back and left the room.

'I have often blushed with anguish at the recollection of that moment. I suppose people would describe it as "an awkward pause." To me, it was an explosion of silence. Then I heard mamma, who had turned crimson, go off into an artificial trill of laughter. Murmuring something about "impostors," she shook the crumbs off her lap and, summoning the family, swept towards the door. Everybody was getting up, too. *Table d'hote* was over; just a few people were cracking nuts at the far end of the table. But the girl on my right had not got up. She was pretending to finish her dinner. I felt she looked at me twice; but I could not look back — please, please remember I was barely twenty, and very self-conscious at that — and not a word could I say. Presently she too (I heard her chair and her footsteps) went away, while I went on eating and drinking like a pompous automaton. In the hall I had to wait for the lift. There was a great deal of laughter; the story was traveling from group to group. I think I bore the titters and being looked at very well. Upstairs in my room, I went at once to the window; but now the mountains were as dull to me as

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sugar loaves. I went to bed and, contrary to expectation, slept like a top. Soon after my eyes opened the next morning I felt that something incredibly unpleasant had happened. Then I remembered what it was. I saw my self-respect depended on two resolutions; one, to wait for my friend: two, not to change my hotel meanwhile. But I came down purposely late for breakfast and avoided the family, who, as the next meal showed, *had* moved their places; and I bore with apparent equanimity that wretched boy who would read out the society paragraphs from the papers whenever I was within earshot, adding "friends of mine," or "the dear duchess" as the case might be. Nobody asked me to join in any sports except one young woman who evidently did so out of curiosity to see how I would behave, and I practised figures most of the day on the more secluded parts of the ice. When my friend did turn up he noticed that I was rather depressed. I left him in the smoking room the night he arrived. Next morning at breakfast he told me he had promised to make up one of a skating four. I saw he had heard the story, which was having a great success. We did not meet all day. He lunched with his partners; a jolly noisy party they were. Before dinner he came into my room and, after watching me dress in silence, he said, "I had no idea you were such a first-water snob?" I told him I had only waited for him and that I concluded there was not much point in our spending the vac. together. We had a glum dinner. I went off the next morning to the South of France, which I could not afford — but I wanted to get away from snow mountains.

'There!' he said. 'Now I've told you why I am "the most miserable of men."'

We both laughed.

'Pon my word,' he added, 'I feel as though I should never think of it again.'

The train was slowing up in front of a station. 'I've got to change here,' he exclaimed, opening the door. We shook hands and I handed out his bag. Presently he came up to the window again. His young face wore once more a look of concern. 'I say,' he said, 'I hope you don't think I was an awful muff to mind so much. Really, I believe what has bothered me most ever since was my having taken no notice of that girl when she stayed to sit beside me alone in the dining room. You've listened so nicely. You do understand, don't you?'

'Perfectly,' I assured him.

'That was the only moment I was really a coward,' he added.

The train began to move. He waved his hand gayly. 'Ain't I lucky to have had such a lesson so young?' he said grinning.

'Stop!' I cried. 'What was the name of the people?'

'The people?'

'Yes, the family.'

'Dyce.'

'Blue eyes — quite blue?'

He nodded.

'Then she's my niece!' I cried out. 'Mrs. Dyce is my sister. You must see them. She's a perfect dear.' The train was drawing away fast. 'Not my sister, of course,' I shouted, 'I don't mean her. Have n't kissed her for nine years. You will meet, you will. . . .'

He had trotted right to the end of the platform. A cloud of steam suddenly hid him from my sight.

I threw myself back in the corner. 'That will be very satisfactory, very,' I thought, '. . . I do like him.' But the next moment I had sprung up again. I had forgotten to ask him his name and address.

Land and Water

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A WAR-CHILD IN PEACE-TIME

PEACE leaves Anne puzzled. To her it is an untried condition of life. As far as her memory goes back there has always been a war.

'What *is* peace?' she wants to know, and I haltingly try to explain; but I know she finds it unconvincing.

With war it was different. She has *seen* the soldiers and the endless processions of guns, with the baggage and ammunition wagons following them; she has watched aeroplanes buzzing overhead and listened to the sharp rat-tat-tat of machine guns practising down in the valley below; she has watched the signalers flag-wagging, and has often been hurried away to a place of safety during an air raid; but now there seems to be nothing she can get hold of, nothing to make it a real and tangible thing now that the flags are being taken down and the cheering has died away.

'Is peace over now?' she asked me. 'Mr. Brown has taken down his flag.'

I explain that Mr. Brown has only taken down his flag because it can't stay up always, and that assuredly peace is *not* over.

'Will it be peace-time a long time? Till Christmas? and my birthday?'

Even fireworks are not a symbol of rejoicing to her; there have never been any within her recollection and so she is not used to them; in fact they frighten her, only she is too plucky to admit it.

'They *are* rather bangy, are n't they?' she said, and I felt her little warm fingers tighten on my hand when the first rockets began to go up.

'But look at the stars; what splendid colors!' I said.

'Yes'; but there was no enthusiasm in her voice.

'It's very *like* an air raid is n't it?' she said doubtfully. The rockets soared and whizzed, broke into wonderful colors, then disappeared.

'I think,' said Anne suddenly after a minute — and there was a little note of determination in her voice that I know very well —'that me and Teddy will go home now. You see, if Dolly Dumps wakes up and hears the bangs she may be nervis.' So she and Teddy were taken home.

'I've frowed away Dolly Dumps's ration-book,' she announced the other day. Immediately the rationing order came in, her entire family (including the Noah's Ark animals) were supplied with minute ration-books. Anne is seldom behind in anything that is going.

'But what will she do about food now?' I asked. 'She can't get things without coupons.'

'Was n't rationing cos of the war?' demanded Anne.

'Well, yes; but then, you see——'

'It's peace now, so of course we shan't want them any longer.' I weakly left it at that.

'You won't never have to take cover any more,' I heard her telling her Noah's Ark animals, as she was giving them their morning tub, the day after the armistice was signed, 'cos it's peace-time now. Our soldiers have killed the Germans. You ought to cheer, you know; people may fink you are pro-German if you don't.

'Don't wake Teddy; I've just got him off'— Anne held up a small warning finger as I came into the nursery — 'he's been crying dreadful.'

'Hurt himself?' I asked.

Anne went on rocking a ribboned-and-laced cradle, particularly femi-

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nine looking, which sheltered Teddy's bulky brown fur body.

'No it's about peace,' she said. 'You see I always *promised* Teddy when he was a big grown-up man he should be a soldier like you and go and fight the Germans, and now he won't be able to, cos there is n't a war. He cried dreadful,' she added.

'Poor Ted! Bad luck,' I said; 'but a boy ought not to cry, you know.'

'No,' Anne agreed, 'I know he ought n't to. I told him *I* was dispointed too, cos I was going to nurse the poor wounded Tommies when I was a grown-up lady, and now there won't be any. But Teddy is only a *very* little boy, that was why he cried; he's very brave, really.'

'The poor dolls need n't be shut up in the dark like that any longer,' I reminded her; 'you've still got the dark blinds up in the dolls' house; the lighting restrictions are off now, you know.'

'Yes, I know the 'strictions are off,' said Anne thoughtfully, 'but those blinds *was* such a bother for Nurse to fix, so I fink I shall leave them up till it's war-time again.'

'Heaven forbid!' I said fervently. Anne looked surprised.

Punch

DEGAS

BY ANDRÉ PÉRATÉ

One is tempted to say, '*Monsieur* Degas,' as one says, 'Monsieur Ingres,' with a slight smile, to be sure, but to indicate the authority of these masters and the respect which is due them. Throughout his life, which was very long, Degas loudly declared his respect for the great painter, with whom he felt a most profound secret affinity. Like Ingres, he loved passionately the beauty of woman: to decry it, to defame it, which he did too often, was still to love it. And above all, he loved painting, he loved the profession, with an intelligence which perhaps nobody of his time has equaled; an intelligence which, in spite of inevitable discussions, assures him forever the acclaim of painters.

For a long time Degas, *Monsieur* Degas, was a sort of legendary personage. Since 1870 he had ceased to exhibit in the annual *Salons*, reserving his works for the small exhibitions, where hardly anybody went except his friends, some of whom, as well as two or three art dealers, owned some of his pictures. He had acquired thus by degrees a sort of mysterious celebrity, to which was added his well-known reputation as an unsparing judge of other people's works. No one ever met him, but people repeated his savage *mots* and his terrible 'almosts.' We shall be hardly, if at all, lacking in charity, if we quote a few of them, and leave it to the reader to guess who the victims are. Thus, of the most official of our contemporary portrait painters, he has left this crushing sketch: 'The

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fireman "on fire"'; of a fashionable painter, enamored of the eighteenth century, and whose two crayon sketches recalled Watteau: 'Watteau! yes, a steam Watteau!' Of an academician who frightened his colleagues by the huge size of certain canvases intended for America: 'Don't be alarmed; the gas will escape.' Examining Meissonnier's Charge de Cuirassiers: 'It's all zinc, except the cuirasses.' Of Zola he said: 'He makes me think of a giant laboring at a City Directory,' and of the discreet and refined Gustave Moreau: 'A hermit who knows the railroad time table.' To Whistler, who was always eager for praise he said: 'My dear friend, you act as if you had no talent.'

Such remarks as these and innumerable others which made the round of the studios and salons were for a long time all that the public knew of this great artist. To no avail had the Caillebotte legacy enriched the Luxembourg with three or four of his small pastels of dancers, low comedians, and loose women in which Degas's mastery of his art could be detected. Generally speaking, they passed unnoticed. And then, quite suddenly, this recluse was borne up to the clouds on the wings of renown as in one of those stage transformation scenes which he loved. The Camondo legacy, entered him at the Louvre in his lifetime, with a selection of his best works; at the Rouart sale, the fabulous price of 400,000 francs was paid for one of his pictures. 'Tell Vollard that this is now my price,' said Degas, philosophically.

On the day following his death the newspapers admitted a renown, which the sales of last spring carried to a triumph. During this month the sales have been going on, untiring, until finally this great mass of paintings, drawings, and engravings which was sufficient to represent Degas in all the collections of the world, has been exhausted. The apotheosis will finish with a rain of money, of this money which he rather despised: he did not need it.

It will always be a pleasure to remember one's visits at Durand-Ruel's, where the collections of the late Edgar Degas were to be found in the Galerie Georges Petit during the weeks preceding the exhibition and sale. One seemed to be penetrating the most secret intimacies of a man who all his life carefully concealed what he loved. There, as in the apartment of the *maître* himself, piles of inestimable treasures were lying. Two pictures of Greco, bought long ago for next to nothing, *Saint Dominique* and *Saint Ildefonce*, showed all the mystic sentiment which can be found in an elaborate drawing and powerful coloring. A powdered woman, fat and smiling, who had posed for Perronneau, displayed a bodice trimmed with pink silk bows and covered with a fichu of black lace. But it could be seen at once that the joy of the collector had been divided between the two great rivals of the time of his youth, Ingres and Delacroix. Of the former he had four notable portraits, fine studies and very good drawings, these; by the latter there was also a portrait, the only full length portrait which Delacroix ever attempted to paint, a thing of rather clumsy elegance, but so vigorous in its black costume in the midst of a green landscape, that it is much to be regretted that the Louvre did not purchase it. And then the pathetic *Ensevelissement du Christ*, the spirited sketch of the *Bataille de Nancy*, and the large study after the style of Rubens, in which all the characters of romantic painting are so clearly represented, finally many other pieces of a Shakespearean touch to which the landscapes of Corot gave the sweet harmony of Virgil. In this collection

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one felt the refinement of education and poetry of a mind open to all oddities; for if there were beautiful works by his friend and comrade Manet in the possession of Degas as well as rare and charming colorings by Gauguin, he had not hesitated to go to the other extreme and acquire some of Van Gogh's rude paintings; and he had kept, perhaps out of *snobisme*, some coarse sketches by Cézanne. All these things, this disorder of beauty, was the heart, the family, and the best friendships of the *maître*.

Edgar-Hilaire-Germain Degas, or better, *de Gas* (for some time he signed his paintings in this manner), was born in Paris, June 19, 1834, of parents who were of French origin, though one came from Naples and the other from New Orleans. On leaving the lycée Louis-le-Grand, he began to study law, but this did not prevent him from entering l'Ecole des Beaux-Arts, whence he soon passed to the studio of the painter Lamothe, a pupil of Hippolyte Flandrin. At the age of twenty-three, he went to Italy, living in Naples, with some relatives; then he settled in Rome, where he found Léon Bonnat, who remained his close friend through life. The Academie de France was then enjoying a period of glory; one found there Delaunay, Paul Dubois, Chapu, and Bizet, now and then united with their senior, Gustave Moreau. A happy time, the memory of which remained in the life of Degas like a ray of light; it was a time of cheerful talks, trips, portraits of friends, studies of Italian models, and particularly of primitive art, which they had discovered with delight. Probably this sincerity, this primitive realism, which is so much relished in Italian decoration, offered decisive models to his eager eyes, and stamped for life the art of the young painter. On his return to the Louvre, he began fervently to copy Mantegna, Ghirlandajo, Botticelli, and Angelico, without forgetting, however, Clouet or Holbein.

His first portraits, which are so natural, show us in their simplicity endowments which are really marvelous. But perhaps the admiration is carried to excess before the large *Portrait de Famille*, dated 1860 (Degas was at the time twenty-six), which, rolled up in a corner of the studio, did not leave it till some time after the death of the artist, then to call forth improbable bids. Under what conditions and by what *special* favor the French Government was able to acquire this canvas are matters now generally known.

In a room, whose walls are covered with blue flowered paper, a young woman, dressed in black, is standing, her left hand resting on a table; she has placed her right hand on the shoulder of a little girl who is also standing and dressed in black, and wearing a white apron. The child, who is facing the painter, holds her hands folded in the attitude of the *Anne de Cleves* in the Louvre which Degas had just copied. A second little girl, dressed like her sister, is sitting on a chair, by a mahogany table. To the right, plunged in a fawn-colored armchair, in front of a gray marble fireplace, surmounted by a mirror, can be seen the back of a blond, bearded man who is a little bald, turning half way around to his wife and children. The canvas is rather large, the people life-size. The atmosphere and rendering of still-life has been justly praised; the simple chimney-clock, the Japanese fire-screens on the fireplace, the bell-pull, the frame on the wall. At the same time one sees new riches in the arrangement and expression of the figures, qualities which anticipated everything that French art was later to attempt. I do not know what Degas thought as to the value of his *Portrait de Famille;* perhaps he thought it too large even

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when rolled up. But I cannot help finding it, in spite of the clear, wonderful execution of particular bits, terribly solemn, if not deadly boring. The attitude of the two little girls, each one of whom seems to have only one leg, is hard to understand; the attitude of the man still less: he looks as if he were a legless cripple, and about to disappear under the mantelpiece. As for the novelty of the work, is it really so extraordinary for 1860? I am surprised that nobody has thought of two pictures, refused at the *Salon* of 1859, which were all ready: 'arrangements in black and white,' one by Fantin-Latour, the picture of his two sisters, the other by Whistler, the *Piano;* we may be sure that Degas has known them, and appreciated them at their full value.

He groped for his way. Up to 1865 he might have thought that he, like Bonnat, Delaunay, and some others, was to be a historical painter. He had not been given the *Prix de Rome*, but he had spent wonderful days there. At any rate, he sketched out a large canvas which the Luxembourg recently purchased, *Semiramis Construisant une Ville*, an archaic yet ingenious affair in the style of Gustave Moreau. He began work also on another painting now in the Luxembourg, the naïve and absurdly romantic *Malheurs de la Ville d'Orleans*. A third composition *La Fille de Jephté*, recalls both Tiepolo and Puvis de Chavannes; there was also an *Achille domptant Bucephale*, and a curious study of the nude out of doors called *Jeunes Spartrates s'execreant a la lutte*.

More valuable, however, than the paintings were the drawings which had served for their preparation. These pencil and charcoal drawings on white paper are among the most beautiful things which our *maîtres* have left us. A nude painted by Ingres himself has lines no richer in harmony and comes less near to nature. Here we find no longer the desire to write and produce elaborate compositions; nothing but an infinitely delicate hand in the service of a sound and loving eye. How can light touches, barely indicated, and seemingly so naïve, render with such perfection the softness of a young skin? And how conscientiously does he study the breaks of a drapery, the folds of a dress, in a fashion true to primitive art and worthy of the painter of *La Vierge aux rochers* and of *la Joconda!* Pupil and admirer of Ingres, and through him of the great Italian lineage which has on its summit Leonardo and Raphael, he has become, through the entrance of these drawings into our national Museums, the master and counselor to whom the young generations of artists will learn to listen.

This drawing, which is so pure, will soon be transformed; with steadily increasing sureness, he soon acquires a more energic and sharper touch. The ideal of the painter has changed or rather it has little by little become more precise.

This banker's son, who was always faultlessly dressed, and a stranger by instinct to the Bohemian life of Paris, in which, however, he liked to mingle, wherein he had made friends; this man of the world who enjoyed above all the pleasures of the artificial life of the theatre, was decidedly not the person to continue the imposing decorations of Delacroix, or rival Puvis de Chavannes. As Watteau found his way among comedians and singers, among *Gilles* and *Colombines*, among the simple folk who set out for Cythère, or talk in courtly fashion in the deep alley's gardens over which lies the gold of autumn, so did Degas, seeking life, find it behind the scenes of our musical Academy. He answered the minister who wanted to decorate him: 'Of what use

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is the decoration? If you want to do me a favor, give me admission to the Opera.' So he entered the Opera, and did not leave it except to go to the café concert; that was his way of being a historical painter!

He had his seat in the first row. Before him the instruments of the orchestra are lined up like the trees of a winter forest, flutes, oboes, the powerful bows of the violoncellos; the backs of the musicians, tufts of hair, brown, black, wavy, curly, on faultlessly white collars, all these make a dark hedge behind which the footlights project their glow. The curtain rises on the cloister where the white phantoms of *Robert le Diable* are represented. 'Nuns, who rest under this cold stone — awake!' A clear moonlight covers this tumultuous fairyland. The stirring and ironic contrast of this realistic foreground, is particularly stressed in a painting, dated like the previous one, 1872, the *Musiciens à l'orchestre*. Degas paints at this time as the Goncourt brothers write novels. But in his dreams he sees only the ballet girl on the stage; she appears like a whirlwind, pirouetting more and more rapidly in the blue or pink, flower or flame of light muslins, in the frame of dark foliage. It seems as if he would never tire of the poetry of the footlights.

Suddenly he ceases being deceived by it; under the gay wings of the butterfly, he sees the poor little animal suffering and twisting; he analyzes it, one might say, without pity, or rather with the care and patient tenderness of the natural philosopher who observes or of the surgeon who dissects. The moment has come when the heart plays no part in his paintings; there is only the eye and the hand; but what an eye and what a hand! It is during this time, in the few years following 1870, years so rich for French art, that Manet and Monet paint their most beautiful pictures, that Degas creates, with a science which is entirely classic, those pieces which are among the most precious of the collection Camondo, *le Foyer de la Danse*, *la Répétition sur la scène*, *la Classe de danse*, and then his marvelous *Danseuses à la barre*, the triumph and the scandal of the Rouart sale. Here is the whole story of the ballet corps, traced with a supple and agile brush, as it had never been done before, in concise, infallible style. He draws still nearer, he observes at close quarters the star of the ballet, he draws with the realism of a Huysman the vulgar, insolent, or candid face of the little animal; he portrays her as a child, ready to leave for the class, while her mother ties the ribbon of her hair; he accompanies her to her box, where he has some fat banker sit next to the dresser (we get the whole of Forain in those pictures); finally he sees nothing but the work of the legs, which cross each other, bend, stand erect again, go like arrows, and with his colored pencils he determines their scope; there are some queer pastels, where the frame cuts off the heads and shoulders, and nothing is left but this arabesque, this 'knitting' of the dancers' legs.

It is a Japanese arrangement, let us not say an 'impressionistic' one, because Degas had a horror of this word; he was too fine a painter, too careful about his drawing, to approve of all that which is uncertain and abridged in the workmanship of the Impressionists. He exhibited with them, it is true, but only because they established Salons of rejected aspirants; and then he admired Manet, of whom he has left peerless portraits in crayon and oil. His realism, which comes very near to Manet's, surpasses Manet's by its gifts of wit, understanding, and magic of color. When he paints Miss Lola sus-

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pended by her teeth to a rope which lifts her to the ceiling of the Fernando circus, he performs a *tour de force*, almost as prodigious as that of the acrobat herself; and when, under the blue gas light, he inclines toward the public the painted face of the star of the café concert, or makes her stand erect with a huge open mouth, or makes her sing with all her might the refrain which she accompanies with her black-gloved hand, the smile of the pitiless and amused observer floats round each figure, this smile which Manet quite lacks, but which Toulouse-Lautrec inherits, and overdoes till it becomes a grimace.

How hard it is for the soul of a poet to reject all poetry! And Degas was born a poet, and remained a poet in spite of all. (He even rhymed sonnets rather cleverly in his later years.) Why is there to be found, then, so much irony and bitterness, if it is not to conceal, perhaps, some deep sorrow, some terrible deception, the regret of the might have been? Poor Degas! so correct, so polite, so affectionate, even, with his friends, and so ferocious, all the same, because he had made a custom of it! When he turned to his past, did he see the beautiful picture which he had made of himself at the age of twenty-three — grave, pensive eyes and lips filled with hope? Did he see those delicious pictures of women, of a bourgeois intimacy, perhaps, but impressive, spontaneous, and naturally drawn? 'Happiness of the past, which cannot return, torment of my thoughts. . . .' And did he see you, too, as he had painted you in the ballet of *la Source*, oh Mademoiselle Fiocre, leaning your elbow on a rock, gentle and pensive under your Persian tiara, with your long braids over your sky-blue dress on which a geranium flower blazes with red, and with your bare feet on the border of the liquid mirror which reflects your charms? A musician with floating hair, plays languidly on her mandolin, and a large bay horse, with a wild mane, bends its head and drinks. Poetry! Bah, friend Desboutins waits at the café, Marcellin Desboutins, the engraver, whose jokes are more corrosive than his acid, amusing and abject, tarnished in all the Parisian gutters. One day, Degas made his portrait, and he has there rid himself, perhaps, of all his bitterness and rancor. It is, in the Louvre, in the Camondo collection, *L'Absinthe*. A corner at a café, with two marble tables in the foreground, on which newspapers, matches, and a heavy water-bottle and its tray are lying. A man and a woman are sitting on a leather-covered bench at a third table. The woman, worn out, miserable, a vague look in her eyes, her mouth sagging and bitter, has before her a glass filled with a sea-green drink; to her right and in the angle of the picture, Desboutins leans against the marble and smokes. His soft felt hat is tipped to one side of his black mane, he wears a shaggy beard; his eyes are shining with a mad flame under his heavy eyelids. Ah! what a marvelous lesson in morale — and painting! Perhaps it might still have been improved by painting it in pastel, as were most of the works of Degas's maturity and old age.

The pastel served as a desirable instrument for seizing fleeting shades which light causes to vibrate. Degas threw himself headlong into the pastel as one might say. The instantaneousness of motion in the light was his perpetual care; and it is known with what interest he kept himself posted on all progress of photography. To this taste of his, and to a paradoxical turn of his mind, the arrangement of certain canvases must be attributed. A young woman whose portrait he

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paints is placed in the corner of his canvas, and turns her back to a magnificent bunch of chrysanthemums, which open like fireworks. *Vicomte Lepic* seems to be seized by the apparatus of the photographer at the moment when he crosses the place de la Concorde; the frame is almost filled by the enormous emptiness of the ground; there is hardly any sky. In the upper part of the canvas stand the trees of the Tuileries and the first houses of the rue de Rivoli. Possessing the undeniable charm of a light, airy execution, the portrait has an air of playing a trick on the virtuosi with its *mise-en-scène*. Out of bravado, perhaps, but also with the cleverness of Dutch painters of the great epoch, Degas approaches popular characters; he paints the *Blanchisseuse* bending under the weight of the linen, or ironing; she holds the iron by both hands, and presses forwards and backwards over the starched breast-plate, or else she yawns, or works with a light hand, and in a false light, among chemises and petticoats hanging from a frame like flags of light. A great painter, a marvelous painter! and poet? Why not? The same people who take fright before the *Pedicure* of the Camondo legacy, will go into raptures before the *Bethsabée* of Rembrandt.

In 1886, at the last exhibition of the Impressionists, Degas sent his famous *Suite de nuds de femmes se baignant*. The loveliest of these pastels are to be found in the Louvre; but the sale of last spring has rather astounded and overwhelmed us by revealing their number. Passionate partisans of the master's brutal manner of painting find nothing superior to these, but let us admit, without insisting too much on the rights of morale or poetry, that such an accumulation seemed painful. Huysmans, on one of his best pages of *Certains* has exercised all his power in descriptions which it would not be seemly to reproduce. Perhaps Degas has only approved of them by halves: as he grew older and more experienced as a painter he became more and more absorbed in the endless plays of light on the postures of the feminine body; Rodin did the same thing about that time. But, while he was amusing himself with odd designs, Rodin modeled some of his splendid busts; Degas, on the other hand, no longer ventured to create. He took at random one of the pastels piled up on the floor of his apartment; he sabred it with sharp slashes to animate it; he kindled fires of orange and red, with which he contrasted brilliant greens and violets which were never bright enough for his taste because he was losing his eyesight. Alas! from year to year he felt that he was growing blind. The time came when he could not any more use crayons; then he moulded wax with his feverish hands, he modeled statuettes of dancers. And the shadows increased constantly. Poor Degas! He was obliged to leave the apartment where he had expected to finish his days, and his collections, and all his works were carried over to a commonplace estate, boulevard de Clichy, too late to have it arranged, too late to enjoy anything. Taciturn, lonely, he wandered along the boulevards, or locked himself up in his house. Did he think of death? None of his old friends dared to speak to him about it. A thing no less pitiful in the conduct of an artist so conscious of his talents, so proud and secretly anxious about his glory, was his neglect of the fate of his pictures. A last photograph by his friend the sculptor Bartholomé, shows us his admirable head, so sorrowful, so restless, in the whiteness of hair and beard. He died without suffering at the age of eighty-three, September 26, 1917.

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His glory will be lasting, in spite of the speculations of dealers and in spite of all the money which streams over his grave. At an hour when more than ever we must try to show French work and French genius at its best throughout the centuries, can we place Degas with those who kept the flame burning, an Ingres and a Delacroix, a Corot, a Millet, a Puvis de Chavannes? Those are really our masters, our masters of heart and spirit. Degas who equals them by his talent, has not their soul. He professes his art, and he cares little about the rest; he paints. And, limited to this rôle, he remains the greatest, the most trustworthy of teachers. Ingres and Delacroix, drawing and color, he has combined them; only instead of *l'Apothéose d'Homer* or *l'Apollon vainqueur*, he painted *Danseuses à la barre*. Is it not foolish to want anything more? Perhaps I have already spoken too much about him; 'critics,' he said once, 'explain art without understanding it.'

Le Correspondant

THE DICKENS CIRCLE*

BY REBECCA WEST

It has been Mr. Leys's object to make a book about Charles Dickens's friends which shall be a useful auxiliary to *Forster's Life*, and in this he has succeeded in spite of the fact that he himself is not an artist and has little understanding of the spirit or process of art. There are just two ways in which the book suffers from this lack on the part of the author. To an artist all human qualities are dear; and to him incongruities in character are a matter for happy deliberation, as the pattern on a butterfly's wing is to an entomologist. An artist biographer would not be afraid of admitting that Dickens, as well as being a great genius and a lovable man, was underbred. He would have been bound to admit it as an explanation of various flaws in Dickens's work. Those preposterous descriptions of the weather that preface and deface so many of his chapters: 'It was a cold night: so cold that . . . that . . . that . . .' and so on, are inexplicable in the austere and splendid artist that Dickens really was, until one considers that they are the exact literary counterparts of the gestures of an old style commercial traveler who comes in out of the cold into the warm bar parlor, puffing and blowing and stamping and rubbing his hands with unnecessary noise and violence. And the artist would have noted without repulsion that Dickens, like all underbred men, was constantly picking quarrels. But Mr. Leys, not being an artist, and consequently not understanding that a man can be lovable and noble although he has hardly a genteel quality to his name, refuses to admit this simple explanation of Dickens's constant estrangements from his friends, and is constantly foisting on us preposterous excuses for his behavior that

* *The Dickens Circle.* By J. W. T. Leys. Chapman and Hall.

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arouse the reader's impatience. To take one example. In the chapter on Lever — which incidentally reveals the interesting fact that Lever's masterpiece, *A Day's Ride*, that extraordinary outbreak of penetrating and skeptical imagination which seems entirely foreign to its period, was such a failure as a serial in *All the Year Round* that it very seriously affected the circulation — Mr. Leys seriously states that: 'When *Lorrequer* was published . . . a reviewer declared that he would rather be its author than the author of all the *Pickwicks* and *Nicklebys* in the world. This passage was used, with others of a similar description, in advertisements, giving much annoyance to Dickens, who at last responded ungraciously to a civil letter of Lever's, and it was not for years that friendly relations were resumed. . . . With the comparison or the advertisements Lever had nothing to do. One is glad to have the assurance, for such methods surely were in bad taste.' Now very obviously the bad taste was all on Dickens's side, and the effect of Mr. Leys's defense of his rudeness is to raise our hostility. An artist would simply have set down without extenuation that the poor man got hot and cross and piqued and forgot his manners — if, indeed, any artist would have undertaken this microscopic examination of the texture of the great man's life. Art is so fine that the man who makes it can hardly ever be worthy of it, and by comparison it must always make him seem like the toad who carries the jewel in its head.

The second way that we feel Mr. Leys's lack of the artist's spirit is in the chapter on Leigh Hunt, in which he attempts to defend Dickens from the charge of bad taste in using Hunt as a model for Harold Skimpole. This controversy is always irritating. It is unthinkable that people should ever stand opposite a beautiful arch and point out that its cornerstone has a horror of publicity and cry out on the architect for using it; it is a shame to put the art of fiction under a disadvantage by inventing occasions for offense in its practice. If people should see a likeness between a character in a book and a living person they should keep quiet about it for the sake of art. And besides the average person's view of the author's mental processes in this matter are too crude. The novelist, whose aim it is to invent situations which show the interplay of human instincts, must often find it useful to borrow from life any conspicuous manifestation of an instinct which he may encounter. But he does not, as the vulgar phrase goes, 'put somebody into his books.' That phrase implies a desire to convey the whole of the personality which an artist, who must primarily be interested in the whole subject of the book, can hardly ever be sufficiently interested in one character to feel. He is bound to modify the character according to the needs of his story in a way that removes it from the class of portraiture. But worse than this vulgar accusation of 'putting people into books' is Mr. Leys's terrible suggestion that, 'However Dickens might like Hunt and however much he might be charmed with the poet's manner, is it not probable that he would dislike very strongly some of the extravagant — almost perverse — views on morality that Hunt was in the habit of expressing in print and in conversation? And is it not probable that the novelist tried to present an object lesson of their dangers? Dickens was as strong a believer as ever lived in the importance of self-reliance.' In our horror in finding the adorable Harold Skimpole turned into a moral lesson we feel just such indignation as Dickens himself ex-

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pressed in his article called 'A Fraud on the Fairies,' when Cruikshank rewrote certain fairy tales as Temperance Tracts.

But there are many engaging figures that Mr. Leys discloses to us. There is, for instance, the exquisite Mr. Jerdan, that master of the cliché, who wrote like this: 'With Dickens I can claim long friendly relations, and with Thackeray hardly less amicable intercourse. In the first morning beam of public delight upon the former I felt the full glow, and looked with prophetic gladness to the bright day which I was sure must follow so auspicious a dawning.' A style which, as they say of Henry James, must be read aloud to be fully appreciated. 'On a later occasion of the same kind I was flattered by the nomination to occupy the post of honor at the bottom of the table, and am happy to remember that I acquitted myself so creditably of its onerous duties as to receive the approbation of the giver of the feast, his better half, and the *oi polloi* unanimously.' We learn with regret that this gentleman, who sounds so thoroughly good, was 'the puppet of certain booksellers, and dispensed praise and blame at their bidding, and, it may be feared, for a consideration.' Mr. Leys gives very valuable information in drawing attention to the sources of the Pickwick trial.

'Two letters have passed between these parties. Letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye; letters that were evidently intended at the time to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first: "How are you?" There is no beginning, you see. "How are you!" Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding husband to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious: "I will call about half-past four.—Yours." It seems there may be latent love like latent heat; these productions may be mere covers for hidden fire, mere substitutes for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence artfully contrived . . . and which I confess I am not in a position to explain.'

This is not a rough draft of Sergeant Buzfuz's speech. It is a passage from Sir William Follett's speech in the famous trial in which Lord Melbourne was accused of misconduct with Mrs. Norton. An amazing amount of good art was pure journalism when it was written.

But most valuable is the diffused sense, not to be rendered by anecdote or quotation, of the life of that time. One gets a picture of people sitting about in stuffy rooms, with big fires, and lots of unimaginatively cooked solid food, and massive ugly furniture and thick draperies; living, in fact, a Pimlico sort of life, such as one may envisage any day by looking at the heavy graceless façades and the dingy basements of the streets past Victoria. They had astonishingly bad manners. Things like this happened all the time: 'There was a very full attendance at a dinner at which Mr. Dickens presided. His friend, Mr. John Forster, was at his side. I sat at a side table with a remarkable looking young man opposite to me, who I was told was the Michael Angelo Titmarsh of *Fraser's Magazine*. Mr. Forster rose to propose a toast. He was proceeding with that force and fluency which he always possessed, when there were some interruptions by the cracking of nuts and jingling of glasses among the knot of young barristers, who were probably fastidious as to every style of eloquence except the forensic. The speaker expressed himself angrily; there were

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retorts of a very unpleasant character. The Chairman in vain tried to enforce order. . . .' They said amazingly few good things; wit had left English society with the eighteenth century, and did not return till Oscar Wilde came over from Dublin as a missionary to labor for the conversation of the heathen. There could not, indeed, be wit, because there was no irony, no challenging of institutions, even among such great men as Thackeray and Dickens. For Thackeray showed in his Lectures on the English Humorists that he could not understand one word of the irony of Swift and Sterne; and a curious little anecdote shows that Dickens suffered from a like disability. 'Wentworth Dilke . . . was acquainted with the great novelist's father, with whom he one day visited the warehouse, and gave the young drudge a half-crown, receiving in return a low bow. In after years Dilke related this story to Forster, who mentioned it to Dickens. "He was silent for several minutes," says the biographer. "I felt that I had unintentionally touched a painful place in his memory; and to Mr. Dilke I never spoke of the subject again."' A clever young man to-day would be so aware of the irony of the situation that it would largely lose its sting; but in Dickens's day the distinction between masters and men, between the high and the low, was so firmly believed in that it had the power to hurt even the brightest intelligence. They were not candid about many things of which a man must speak the truth or become wholly a liar; in furniture they went in for veneered mahogany, in morality for veneered monogamy. It is no wonder that Dickens, the supreme genius, with his marvelous power of perception and emotion, spent his latter life in passing through innumerable phases of irritation, personal quarrel, with journeys to live abroad in Italy when such migrations were not yet the fashion among middle-class people, a furious absorption in amateur theatricals, and that final gesture of despair with which he turned from his real creative art to the infinitely inferior work of his *Readings*. That curious and willful abandonment of the first-rate for the second-rate can only be explained by the hypothesis that he had taken a dislike to his public. He despaired of making them think, he would be content to make them laugh and cry. It is pathetic to think of a man getting all the fun that the artist gets out of inventing real characters from his invention of the Murdstones, and then suddenly recognizing that the Murdstones were real people, and what was more, the people for whom he had to write. And that, putting it roughly, was the fate of Charles Dickens.

The Outlook

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A LONDON 'UNCLE'

BY W. R. TITTERTON

I AM not sure if Sol Abrams is typical, for, although I have often appeared at the 'saloon bar' to exchange a watch or other trinket for a handful of silver and a coupon, he is the only pawnbroker with whom I have touched glasses. I come of a class in which it is shameful to have dealings with the pop-shop: dealings there are, but they are *sub rosa*. We had none of the frank reliance on Uncle you find in the class half a semitone lower in the scale. So that when there was a prospective hiatus between the last sovereign and pay day the Carnival excursion with wrapped-up valuables was made under cover of darkness and a shabby domino. A pawn ticket which I surreptitiously read, let me into the secret of the nature of the sally and its destination: 'Sol Abrams, Pawnbroker, Jeweler, and Marine Stores, 243, Old Mandy Street, Stepney.' Stepney, I may observe, was a parish or two away. So, when my turn to bet on the future came, I went to Sol.

I could not have gone to Mr. J. W. Morton, the big local man, though him I knew intimately — not that he ever touched glasses, except to test if the crystal rang true. He was a pillar of our local conventicle, and a by-word for respectability. He was, I am sure, a very good man, and a kindly, even on occasions a merry, one. But you could not very well pawn things with a man who has lately led you in prayer.

So I went to Sol. With a Jew of an alien parish you could be on fighting terms, and these, I considered, in my folly, to be the normal relations of pawner and pawnee.

I found his shop in a long, narrow, crooked dirty street between a greengrocer's and a *cul de sac*. The three balls, the dingiest I had ever seen, hung anyhow from a drooping bracket.

Of course, I was blushing hotly, and so I halted to look into the window, and for some time saw nothing but flippant odds and ends of glitter, dancing jigs, and reels. Then I saw placards, 'real gold,' '16 — 14 — 8 carat gold,' 'rolled gold,' 'sterling silver,' 'English lever,' 'genuine Swiss,' 'valuable antique.' My eyes focused themselves on the 'valuable antique.' It proved to be one of those crinkled South Sea shells, Victorious, placed upon the mantelpiece.

Choosing a moment when I had no near neighbors in the street, I darted through the shop door, almost blinding and choking in a press of second-hand clothing hung out as an ensign above it. Inside was darkness and a merry babble of voices — one rich female voice above the rest exclaiming, 'Now, Uncle, you know I always liked your face.' In front of me I saw a stretch of indecently obvious shop, but I knew there were cubicles. I turned to the left, and groped past door-handles — seizing and releasing each in turn; from behind each door came that merry chorus.

At last I surmised a silence, gave a gulp, turned a handle, and stumbled into an empty cubicle. At No. 1 there was a draggled fragment of man pendant from the counter. The man did not

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turn, but hung with his face and his chin on the wood, a huddle of clothes spread before him. The choral symphony, with its counterpoint of insult and cajolery, was deafening now. As I entered, an old, bent, bearded man, standing a few feet along on the further side of the counter, turned his incisive beak and keen, wrinkled eyes sharply towards me, and moved my way.

Without wasting words, he held out a claw. Suppressing an insane impulse to shake hands warmly, wish him good-day, and vanish, I dropped my watch and chain in his palm. He held the guards close to each eye in turn; he smelled them, he felt them, he donned a watchmaker's eye, and vivisected the watch in ways I had not dreamed of. He rubbed watch and chain with a stone. But my interest in his careful scrutiny was somewhat disturbed by the sudden vision of a large, red, jolly face crowned with frizzy hair, thrust like a Punch and Judy figure round the party wall.

'Wish yer luck, dearie!' said the owner. 'Don't you let him do you in! He's a bad man is Uncle. You watch him, dearie.'

Uncertain whether I ought to kiss the lady or courtesy, I mumbled acquiescence.

'Fifteen bob; take it or leave it.'

Sol Abrams was pushing the watch and chain towards me as if he had much rather I took the watch and left the money. But his eye watched me.

I pushed the shining heap towards him again (in my frivolous state of nerves it seemed like a game of draughts), and said I'd take the money.

Sol made a gesture, and the booty disappeared, and I was helping him to fill in the ticket.

As he handed me the ticket he beamed at me amiably. 'Any little ting you would have kept safe for you, mister. Wrap it up in lavender and rose leaves!' At that his eyes twinkled; and there was a shout from the hidden audience, and a cry of 'Oh, come off it, Uncle!'

'That scarf pin, now!' he insinuated, with a swift hungry glance at a sentimental indiscretion of my paternal grandmother.

'Well, well,' he added, with a sigh and a waving of the hands, when I had declined the negotiation. 'Always ready to oblige a gent. Pawn or sale. Sell the same to Solomon Abrams.'

As I opened the door he turned with a sudden glance of wrath on the nondescript with the burnt-offering of clothes.

'I told you last time that I would n't take no more of your rubbish. I've wasted ten shillings on you already, so welp me!'

. . . . . .

When I came to redeem my pledge, I found him fingering lovingly a really fine intaglio. I have no knowledge of such things, but a certain love for them. We fell a-talking. It appeared that he had both knowledge and passion.

'If you'll wait a few minutes,' he said, 'I'll close the blooming shop. And we'll have a chat over a glass of something warm.'

At that time of day the proposal was irregular, but Sol was omnipotent.

With furious generosity he settled the claims of a dozen clients in less than as many minutes. They left the place wondering if Uncle had gone off his dot. Uncle trailed shutters behind the back of his last customer. Soon I was sitting with him in a back room, a dingy, poverty-stricken room, and sipping a steaming glass of grog.

Sol showed me wonderful things — some of them priceless. And the knowledge of the man was more remarkable than his treasures. His fingers trembled with affection as he undid the ragged

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coverings, and some jewel of craftsmanship bloomed in the pig-sty. He swore he would never sell them, no, not for gold. Some few of them, he said, tapping his long nose with a skinny forefinger, and closing an eye, he could not sell.

These were the few pickings of thirty-five years of chaffer. The rest? Well, clothes mostly, that came in on the Monday, and went out again on the Saturday. Even bed clothes occasionally! And adventurous families had been known to stagger in with an unshipped bedstead.

These things came and went. Others — cricket bats, stuffed birds, metal ware, mantel ornaments, firearms — came to stay. The fate of watches was uncertain. Jewels? Well, we would n't talk about the jewels. And then the skinny forefinger was once more laid against the nose.

'I'll tell you what, though, mister,' said Sol, 'They may tell you Uncle is a hard man' (he chuckled), 'but I swear to God it makes my heart bleed when a woman brings me her wedding ring. I never give much on wedding rings. I don't want to keep 'em, you see! I did n't want your watch and chain; they're rotten.'

I asked him if he allowed any time of grace when the statutory period was up, and he asked me if I thought he was a sanguinary fool. Where would he be if he did? Still, I have my doubts. I know that though he is regarded as a hard old file, he is a wonderful convenience. After all, he is the poor man's only credit-bank.

Sol is a widower. He has two boys. Both of them went to good schools, and are stock-jobbers now in a large way of business. I met one of them once in Sol's back parlor, and found him repulsively vulgar. It surprised me that a man so dignified and simple as Sol Abrams and such a judge of gems should be enraptured with this insolent paste diamond. That was before I had met Sol out walking on a Sunday afternoon, and he beamed at me from between a hideous topper and a hideously new suit, rings all over his fingers, and wearing an ultra-fashionable pair of shoes. I greeted him, of course, and we had a friendly chat together, but I had felt inclined to pass by on the other side.

Everyman

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THE DELUSION OF SUPER-PRODUCTION

BY MAJOR C. H. DOUGLAS

It is hardly necessary to draw attention to the insistence with which we are told that in order to pay for the war we must produce more manufactured goods than ever before — a powerful section of the press would have the whole military, political, social, and industrial policy of the Allied Governments directed to the purpose, that, when by a complete victory we have acquired control of raw material and disposed of our most dangerous competitor, we may adjust our internal differences and settle down to an unfettered era of commercial activity, from which all other desirable things will, it is suggested, proceed naturally.

There are an almost infinite number of aspects to this proposition, which is not dissimilar, so far as it goes, from that with which Germany went to war: it is possible to attack it from the point of view of the historian, the psychologist, or even the physiologist. It is even possible that certain quite indispensable suffrages have still to be obtained for it. But it is sufficiently interesting to take it as it stands on a frankly material, 'practical' basis, and see what are its logical consequences.

A fair statement of the argument for unlimited and intensified manufacturing subsequent to the war would no doubt be something after this fashion:

(1) We must pay for the war.
(2) This means high taxes.
(3) Taxes must come from earnings.
(4) High earnings and low labor costs can only be continued if the output is increased.

Before dealing with these points, let it be thoroughly well understood that, as compared with the economic power of absorption, the world was over-manufacturing before the war in nearly every direction. If any person capable of independent thought disagrees with this statement, he will no doubt be able to explain the immense development of advertising; why the cost of selling a sewing machine, among many other instances, was higher than the manufacturing cost; why a new model, not novel in any real essential, appeared from most of the motor car works each year, thus automatically depreciating the value of the previous year's fashion, and why, in spite of all these and countless more desperate efforts to stimulate absorption at home, aided by the barter of trade gin to our black brother abroad, the stress of competition to sell was daily growing more insupportable, the main pressure, of course, appearing in the guise of labor troubles, unemployment, strikes for higher wages, etc., but being quite definitely felt all over the social structure and being focused from a national point of view in the struggle for markets; of which struggle war was the inevitable and final outcome.

Bearing this selling pressure in mind, let us consider what will be the post-war situation, assuming any reasonably early termination of hostilities, and in the absence of any radical modification in the economic structure.

It is almost impossible to form any accurate estimate of the extension of manufacturing plant which has taken place in the British Empire since 1914, but on a gold standard basis it is almost certainly to the value of not less

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than £750,000,000, and may be much more. To this has to be added the still more gigantic expansion of industrial America, with Japan, France, and Italy by no means idle; and the fact that Germany and Austria have clearly put forth a comparable effort.

But, still more important, these extensions are largely homogeneous, instead of being accretions on small jobbing plants. In spite of a number of notorious instances of bad design, the main object — repetition-production by modern methods — has been achieved, and in consequence the output per individual has gone up in most cases several hundreds per cent and in some cases thousands per cent. And by the introduction of women into industry on a large scale the available sources of labor supply have been greatly increased.

On the whole, therefore, the plant and the organization for manufacturing have been expanded in every great country to many times their pre-war capacity; much of this extension is easily convertible to peace-time uses; and while the raw material side of the question is rather less easy to compute, it is possible that something to feed into the machines might be available for a considerable period of unlimited activity, although by no means indefinitely. Therefore it may be accepted as obvious that the factory system of the world is prepared, to a degree transcending anything dreamed of in the past, to flood the market with any article on which a profit in manufacture can apparently be made.

But absorption is a very different matter, and, in considering it, a clear idea of what is meant by the power of absorption is necessary. It is quite incontestable that the *real* power of absorption of the world after the war will be considerable; the repair of the devastated areas, housing schemes, power, railway, shipping, aerial, and other transport problems will all require the effort and attention of civilization, not to mention the demand for a higher standard of life all round.

But the capitalist-manufacturer means by power of absorption the total money or credit value available as payment for his goods, and in the last resort this is represented by the total sum of the spending powers in cash or credit of the units of the population. The contention of the existing capitalistic and financial authorities, on whom of course the responsibility for the policy rests, is that super-production would mean high wages and the high wages would mean high absorption power, and so on. Let us see.

The factory cost — not the selling price — of any article under our present industrial and financial system is made up of three main divisions — direct labor cost, material cost, and overhead charges, the ratio of which varies widely with the 'modernity' of the method of production. For instance, a sculptor producing a work of art with the aid of simple tools and a block of marble has next to no overhead charges, but a very low rate of production, while a modern screw-making plant using automatic machines may have very high overhead charges and very low direct labor cost, or high rate of production.

Since increased industrial output per individual depends mainly on tools and method, it may almost be stated as a law that intensified production means a progressively higher ratio of overhead charges to direct labor cost, and, apart from artificial reasons, this is simply an indication of the extent to which machinery replaces manual labor, as it should.

Now, for reasons which it is hoped will be clear from what follows, the

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factory cost, including management and indirect labor, *of the total factory output of any article is always more than the total sum paid in wages, salaries, and for raw material*, in respect of it. Consequently, the total output of the world's factory system is inevitably costed at a figure greatly in excess of the salaries and wages which go to the production of it. Selling charges and profit merely increase the price and decrease the purchasing power of money, as, of course, *cæteris paribus*, do general rises in wages.

In order to realize clearly this most important relation between factory cost, and money released, it must be borne in mind that manufacturing, or what is commonly called production, is conversion, and just as the conversion of mechanical energy into electricity or heat into mechanical energy involves a dispersion, which for practical purposes is a loss, so the conversion of manufactured articles can never take place without a similar economic dispersion.

Obviously the balance, which is represented by this economic dispersion, must go somewhere. A little reflection will make it clear that it represents depreciation, obsolescence, scrapped material, etc., all of which are charged to the consumer *instead of being a charge against the value of the product.*

In consequence of this the book value of the world's production is continuously growing more and more in excess of the capacity to absorb or liquidate it, and every transaction between buyer and seller increases this discrepancy so long as the exchange takes place at a figure in excess of the total wages, etc., which go to the various conversions of the product; with the result that a continuous rise in the cost of living absolutely *must* take place, apart and above that represented by currency inflation; palliated by intrinsically more efficient productive methods, but leading along a path of cumulatively fierce competition and harder toil to an absolutely inevitable breakdown. The money required for public works can only be provided by loans or taxation, a decreasing amount of which is returned in wages and salaries; an increasing amount going to swell the mortgage held by the banker and the manufacturer on the effective effort of the world's population.

The complete fallacy of the super-production argument as it stands is apparent; it must be clear, if the statements just made are admitted, that neither apparently high wages nor even apparently cheap items among the articles produced can evolve a social system having in it any elements of stability whatever.

There is no more dangerous delusion abroad in the world at this time than that production *per se* is wealth — it is about as sensible as a statement that because food is necessary to man he should eat continually and eat everything. Production is necessary and desirable just so long as the actual thing produced is a means to something else which is necessary to humanity, and like everything else the thing produced has to be paid for by effort on the part of someone. So far from the necessity of this country, and the world, being an orgy of unlimited production, the first need is for a revision of material necessities, combined with sound scientific efforts, to produce to a programme framed to meet the ascertained demands; not artificially stimulated, but individualistic in origin wherever possible.

Such a programme might be allotted in sections among the available producing centres at block prices, and such producing centres might again contract with the whole 'effort' (*i.e.*,

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staff and labor) involved, at a price to cover the whole output; such price to include upkeep of plant, stocks, etc. Efficiency in operation would then result in shorter hours, and would itself be cumulative.

If such a policy can be combined with a large decentralization of initiative, high *rates* of production would follow naturally, and the individual, for the first time, would begin to reap the solid benefits of the use of mechanism. On this basis it would be possible to attack the second urgent necessity, the reduction of money in any form whatever to the status of an absolute medium of exchange.

These are not light tasks, but the alternative to their assumption is a weary pilgrimage which may have some very lurid passages. And in the end it may be found that the chief crime of the capitalist was that he was such a very bad capitalist; in that he neither recognized his assets, nor met his liabilities.

The English Review

THE FUTURE OF GERMAN CHEMICALS

GERMAN chemical and dye works are being rapidly readapted for the manufacture of peaceable products, and the future is regarded as by no means unpromising. Manufacturers realize that they will not be able for some time to come, to export 70 to 75 per cent of their total output, but they are already resuming the production of dyes from coal tar, and the manufacture of pharmaceutical products has been carried on at full pressure throughout the war. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* points out that there is an imperative demand everywhere for German pharmaceutical products which can quickly be met, while the stocks of dyes are greatly reduced both in Germany and the rest of the world. Manufacturers intend, according to the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, to direct all their efforts towards supplying this demand and then towards accumulating stocks, and they hope that soon the excellence of German products will open doors now closed to them. Also they rely on the fact that foreign competitors will be unable to satisfy all the needs of foreign markets, so that recourse must be had to German products.

The efforts of nations which hitherto have been our adversaries [the *Frankfurter Zeitung* continues], especially of the United States and England, to create a chemical industry of their own on a large scale, particularly for the manufacture of dyes, are by no means underestimated in Germany, and it is known that considerable success has attended them, more in the United States than in England and France. It is nevertheless believed that there is no reason at present to attach serious importance to these foreign efforts, because German industry has the benefit of long experience which, especially in the production of dyes, places it at a great advantage. It is true that Germany may feel the competition in the simpler dye products, which are manufactured in bulk, but she will not feel it in the more complicated products that are the specialty of German industry. The circumstance may be noted, however, that during the war the Swiss chemical industry has made great advances in the manufacture of these complicated products, and has succeeded in obtaining an entry into markets where German industry hitherto held uncontested sway.

The Morning Post

POTASH AND FOOD

IT is a favorite dirge with certain of our Jeremiahs to bewail the approaching extinction of the human race by starvation. Malthus, with his dismal visions of starving millions, has probably been misunderstood, but one of our greatest scientists has not hesitated

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definitely to inform us that 'the years of plenty are passing: civilized nations will soon be in deadly peril of not having enough to eat'; and this without any reference whatever to war-time conditions, but merely owing to the inevitable encroachment of population on the means of subsistence. Between the starvation alarmists, on the one hand, and the declining birth-rate alarmists on the other, the man in the street is a little bewildered. But why 'civilized' nations? One would have thought that the uncivilized and improvident races of the earth would have been the first to feel the pinch. One can conjure up some horrible pictures, ending with the hungry populace eating the food controller.

In the great days of her pride and prosperity Germany arrogantly informed the world, through Professor Ostwald, that, owing to her monopoly of potash supplies, it rested entirely with her to decide whether or not mankind should starve. At this moment Germany herself is crying to the United States for bread. The vain rodomontade of the professor has changed into the wailing of the politician. And even if she were not going to lose Alsace-Lorraine, Germany would in any case lose her potash monopoly.

Many years before the war Americans had an interest in the Stassfurt potash deposits, but they were harshly treated by the Germans,* and compelled to join the monopolists, with the result that America then and there determined to seek her own home supplies of potash. The United States Geological Survey and the Bureau of Soils were granted funds, and their investigations, even up to 1914, had proved of considerable value, and were the embryonic beginnings of what will probably prove to be a great American potash industry. Wonderful progress has been made since 1914, and now we have Senator Lane declaring, with perhaps not unjustifiable optimism, that within two years America will be independent of outside sources of potash. What this means may be gathered from the fact that her pre-war requirements amounted to over 1,000,000 tons, nearly all of which was imported. The question of an adequate potash supply, especially in America, is, of course, a vital one, and of far-reaching economic importance, for we shall have to look to that country, at all events in the immediate future, for large supplies of food and raw material; and these in turn will largely depend on sufficient supplies of fertilizer, especially potash, for the American wheat and cotton fields.

One of the first sources of potash to be investigated in America was the vast deposit of kelp along the Pacific coast from Mexico to Alaska. Kelp was burnt along the coasts of Scotland hundreds of years ago for the sake of the manurial value of the ash. In America the kelp, after being collected by large power-driven harvesters, was at first merely dried or incinerated and ground to powder; but subsequently it was decided to attempt the production of other valuable chemicals, with potash relegated to the position of a by-product. For instance, the Hercules Powder Company at San Diego, California, has erected a large plant where the kelp is not dried, but fermented, yielding not only potash, but acetone, iodine, and other products, including algin, which it is hoped may also ultimately become commerically valuable.

Another source of potash in the United States of America is found in the flue gases of blast furnaces and the dust of cement kilns. This involves a highly

* The German Kali Syndicate indeed sticks at nothing. When the extensive potash deposits were discovered near Barcelona, it did everything possible to acquire control, and endeavored to block the French and Belgian interests in every way.

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technical operation, and is chiefly carried out by means of an apparatus known as the Cottrell electrical precipitator, in which the potash is separated out and collected by electrostatic precipitation. Many iron ores, especially those of Alabama, contain potash up to about 3 per cent, most of which is recoverable. It has even been asserted that if all the blast furnaces in the United States installed this process, over 1,000,000 tons of potash could be obtained from this source alone. In regard to cement works, where the potash is also collected by means of the Cottrell process, the Bureau of Soils has come to the conclusion, from investigations carried out, that the cement kilns could, in the aggregate, yield about 100,000 tons of potash per annum. In one case, that of the Riverside Portland Cement Co., the Cottrell process has been installed since 1913, and has proved a very good investment, for the potash obtained has practically paid for the cost of the recovery plant. The same process has been working in this country for some time past with very satisfactory results from the potash point of view.

The third source of potash examined in America, namely, salt lakes, is of particular interest. One of these extraordinary 'lakes'— Searles Lake, in California — consists of a vast mass of salt crystals about 12 square miles in area and 70 feet deep, all the water having evaporated. According to a bulletin issued by the United States Geological Survey, the main central salt deposit is a firm and extremely porous bed of salt crystals; so firm and hard, indeed, that roads are made on it, teams and motor trucks are driven over its surface, and even the concrete foundations of the American Trona Corporation's pump house were laid on the surface. The average potash content is 4 per cent reckoned as potassium chloride. The Trona Corporation is said to be producing about 4,500 tons of crude potash salts per month, and by the beginning of 1919 they hope also to turn out about 50 tons of borax per day.

Other sources of potash yielding more or less promising results are the mineral silicates, such as feldspar, sericite, and alunite. A plant for dealing with these has been installed at Marysville, in Southern Utah, by the Mineral Products Corporation, and the output at present is about 600 tons per month of potassium sulphate. It is hoped ultimately to obtain aluminium as well as potash from some of these minerals, some enthusiastic investigators even going so far as to anticipate that this will prove a better source of aluminium than bauxite.

There are therefore several promising sources of potash in the United States of America, so much so that the most recent and best-informed opinion in America agrees that Senator Lane had good ground for his optimistic forecast. It has been objected that most of the potash will be produced in the Far West, remote from consuming centres, but this does not entirely apply to potash obtained from blast furnaces and cement kilns — perhaps the most promising field of all. In any case, they are not so remote as Germany, and the freight charges should not be higher than those from Europe. As a matter of fact, the United States Government is keeping a firm hand over this part of the business, and already Armour and Co., the great meat-packers, have obtained a rebate of about £520 from the Denver and Rio Grande R. R. Co. *et al.*, for overcharge on potassium sulphate consigned from Marysville, Utah, to New Orleans. The case was decided against the railway company by the Inter-State Commerce Commission. The chief competitor to be feared by America is not Europe (Alsace-Lorraine or Spain), but Chili,

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where it is hoped to obtain potash from the nitrate fields, and deliver it at a low freightage to the great consuming centres.

Professor Ostwald must be watching all these developments with quite peculiar interest.

The Economist

FACING REALITIES

THE elections are over — and everybody with anything to lose must be heaving a sigh of relief, for the election promises were mounting up at the rate of something more — we feel sure — than seven millions a day. Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war, as the poet says; and the Coalition victory, while it will no doubt be glorious, can hardly fail to be expensive. For the Coalition has proceeded upon the easy principle that nothing should be refused to anybody if votes were likely to result from it. The alternative was to risk the return of a Revolutionary and Confiscatory Party, which might cut the throat of society. The Prime Minister, from this point of view, was a sort of safety razor, which might shave close but would not endanger life. We hope it may be so, but it seems to us that in the present state of the country these promises and pledges are not a means of avoiding but merely of postponing trouble. Sooner or later the nation will have to face the realities of the position. It might be better to face them now in the flush of victory than to beguile the public a little longer with appearances. We would have preferred to see the Prime Minister make quite a different sort of appeal to the electors. He might have said to them: 'I come to you with empty hands. Most of our capital is spent. Our load of debt is enormous. We retain little but our freedom and our honor. Life is going to be hard for all of us. We have been warming our hands at a conflagration: now that the fire has burned out we must rebuild our house. And we can only do it by resolute self-denial, by unremitting toil. I can promise you nothing except fidelity to the national interest and the national honor.'

Such an appeal, we believe, would have succeeded, for, as the war proves, the British nation is still made of heroic stuff. But now it remains for the people to find out the truth for themselves, and to realize by hard experience, and not by the guidance of their statesmen, the terrible change in the fortunes of the country which have been wrought by the war. For what are the facts? We are now a debtor country, which means that instead of other nations working for us we must work for other nations. In shipping and in shipbuilding the United States is a new and powerful rival; in cotton Japan has made enormous strides. Our coal industry, our iron industry, our milling industry, our agriculture, and our railways are all subsidized by the State. What the total of these subsidies amounts to we would not venture to say, but it is a staggering sum. Every asset we possess is heavily mortgaged. And many of our industries are so deranged by the war that it will take much time and much capital to bring them again upon a peace foundation. Over and above all these liabilities our workmen have been taught to expect high wages, and the electorate is being confirmed in the idea that there is somewhere a bottomless purse upon which all can draw. There is no such purse; the treasury of a State must obey the same laws as a private fortune. If a nation — just as an individual — spends more than it earns it must in

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the end arrive at bankruptcy. If a father indulges his children while denying his creditors, in the end he will come to ruin. There is no royal road to fortune. Even if the State were to take over all industries and conscript all private wealth, the position would not be in substance altered. A nation must pay its way by producing and selling goods. If the State could produce and sell more goods at better prices than the present industrial and mercantile system, the position would be improved. But not otherwise. And we leave those who have had experience of State methods during this war to say whether State management is likely to be more or less economical and productive.

As the sailors say, it all comes out of the main hatch. There is no way to keep this country going but by the increase of production to meet our increased liabilities. But how are we to increase production? By giving quiet security and settled conditions to our industries. At the present time our manufacturers do not know what is the policy of the Government. The fortunate American manufacturer has nothing to do but produce. He is protected by a tariff which President Wilson has promised not to disturb. He has adequate supplies both of labor and raw material, and he has command of enormous capital and credit. Our manufacturers have none of these advantages. They only know that their Government is generous to a fault with other people's money, and is assuming every day new and greater liabilities. Such is the position. It demands of our statesmen a strength, a resolution, and a grasp of reality which we can only hope they possess. It seems to us that they have missed a great chance in not using these elections to inform the country of the truth and to appeal to the nation to have the courage and the strength to face it. But now when they are safely in office, as we presume they will soon be, let us hope that they will then lose no time in taking stock of the position.

The Morning Post

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THE TALK OF EUROPE

ROMAIN ROLLAND'S LETTER TO PRESIDENT WILSON

Le Populaire (Paris) has published the following text of an open letter written by Romain Rolland to President Wilson.

'Monsieur le Président: The peoples break their chains. The hour strikes, foreseen and desired by you. May it not strike in vain! From one end of Europe to the other, arises, among the peoples, the will to take again the control of their destinies and to unite in forming a regenerated Europe. Across their frontiers, their hands seek to clasp each other. But between them are always open abysses of distrust and misunderstanding. A bridge must be thrown across this gulf. We must break the fetters of the ancient fatality which rivets these peoples to national wars, and makes them, as for centuries back, rush blindly to their mutual destruction. Alone, they cannot accomplish this. And they call for help. But to whom can they turn? You alone, M. le Président, . . . are endowed with an universal moral authority. All have confidence in you. Respond to the appeal of these pathetic hopes! Take these outstretched hands, help them to clasp each other. Help these groping peoples to find their way, to establish the new Charter of enfranchisement and of union whose principles they are all passionately and confusedly seeking. Think of it: Europe is threatened with falling back into the circles of the inferno, through which she has been climbing up these five years, drenching the path with her blood. The peoples, in all countries, lack confidence in the governing classes. You are, at this moment, the only man who can speak to both — to the peoples, to the bourgeoisies — all of the nations — and be heard by them, the only man who can to-day (will you be able to to-morrow?) be the intermediary between them. Let this intermediary be lacking, and the human masses, separated, without ballast, are almost inevitably dragged into excesses: the peoples into bloody anarchy, and the parties of the old order into bloody reaction. Wars of classes, wars of races, war between the nations of yesterday, war between the nations who have just formed themselves to-day, blind social convulsions, seeking nothing but to nourish the hatreds, the greed, the unbridled dreams of an hour of life without a morrow. Descendant of Washington, of Abraham Lincoln, take in hand the cause, not of a party, of a people, but of all! Summon to the Congress of Humanity the representatives of peoples! Preside over it with all the authority which your lofty moral conscience and the powerful future of immense America assures to you! Speak, speak to all! The world thirsts for a voice which shall leap over the frontiers of nations and classes. Be the arbiter of the free peoples! And may the future greet you by the name of Reconciler.'

BEATTY AND THE REVOLUTIONIST REPRESENTATIVES

From a German source comes the following note on the conference between Admiral Beatty and the representatives of the German Fleet. Readers of the Living Age may find it interesting to compare this account with the German narrative of the meeting with Foch printed in last week's 'Talk of Europe.'

We have received the following details from a reliable source concerning the meeting of the representatives of the German navy with the English Admiral Beatty at Rosyth. The English Admiral had sent a personal message by wireless to the Admiral of the German Fleet, von Hipper, to dispatch a flag officer of the German navy to Rosyth in order to make further ar-

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rangements. The German Admiral thereupon nominated Vice-Admiral Meurer for this purpose. Accompanying Vice-Admiral Meurer were Korvettenkapitan Hintzmann, Leutnant zur See Braunck, and a deputation of the Soldiers' Council of the High Seas Fleet, and of the Republic of Oldenburg and Ostfriesland. The deputation left Wilhelmshaven on board the Königsberg on November 13 at 3 P.M. The journey was made by way of Skagen, in order to avoid the minefields in the North Sea. They arrived at Rosyth on November 15 at 7 P.M. The Königsberg anchored in the outer roads. Immediately she anchored, an officer belonging to Admiral Beatty's staff arrived on board the Königsberg, with a letter from the English Admiral, requesting Admiral Meurer, with his staff, to come on board the English flagship Queen Elizabeth, which was lying at anchor in the inner roads. The English destroyer Oak was ready to take them across. The names of the members of the German deputation had been made known to the English Admiral by wireless. When Vice-Admiral Meurer inquired whether the three representatives of the Soldiers' Council of the High Seas Fleet were to accompany him, the English officer refused permission for them to do so in the name of Admiral Beatty. The three representatives were therefore obliged to remain on board the Königsberg.

A meeting was at once held on board the English flagship under the presidency of Admiral Beatty. In addition to the latter, there were Admiral Madden, Admiral Tyrwhitt, the Chief of Staff of the English Fleet, Vice-Admiral Brock, and a number of officers belonging to the English Staff of the fleet. Admiral Beatty read out a list of the conditions of the armistice, and stated that he had been commissioned by the Entente and the United States to settle all naval questions relating to the armistice. When Vice-Admiral Meurer informed him that there were three representatives of the Soldiers' Council of the High Seas Fleet and of the Republic of Oldenburg and East Friesland on board the Königsberg, Admiral Beatty refused to have anything to do with them, as he had not been authorized to receive representatives of a government which was not recognized by the English Government. At the second meeting on November 16, Vice-Admiral Meurer answered the questions put to him by Beatty, whereupon a discussion of individual points took place. In the final document, drawn up after the final sitting on November 16, evening, the arrangements for handing over the submarines and the ships and torpedo boats to be interned were laid down, as well as a number of questions to be settled by the German delegates on their return home. It is worthy of note that Admiral Beatty stated that he would forego for the present, Article 24 in the armistice terms relating to the occupation of the Baltic fortresses, provided that Germany would immediately take steps to remove the mines from the Baltic.

THE FUTURE OF EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES

THE definite severance of Egypt from its nominal adherence to Turkey has once more attracted attention to the vexed matter of Egyptian antiquities. The accompanying paragraph has been clipped from a British weekly.

The condition of archæological affairs in Egypt, for example, is very unsatisfactory. When the French in the early ages left us to manage Egypt, they arranged that the Director of the 'Service des Antiquités' should be a Frenchman. The gesture was natural, for they have a strong sentimental interest in Egypt, partly on account of Napoleon, and partly on account of Champollion ('the Younger'), who, I believe, is for good reason regarded as the founder of modern Egyptology. Much has happened since the early 'eighties to strengthen the British position in Egypt, but the Director of the 'Service des Antiquités' is still regularly a Frenchman. Indeed, by the Treaty of 1904, it was expressly agreed afresh that he should be a Frenchman. There have been great Frenchmen in the post. The last great one was Maspéro, who has been succeeded by a gentleman whose specialty is not archæology but philology. The whole question

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ought to be reopened. It ought to be reopened for two reasons. The first reason is that the French authorities are not properly looking after the aforesaid antiquities, and, of course, we are getting the blame for the neglect into which precious remains have fallen. Pierre Loti, in his dolorous ecstasy *La Mort de Philæ*, chid the wretched barbaric English alone. (Which is just what he would do.) The second reason is that antiquities cannot be satisfactorily handled unless the direction of the matter is under the control of the Government which is actually governing the country where the antiquities lie. When the management of antiquities is in the hands of a subject of one government and the country is run by another government, little can be done at the instance of the latter without a 'diplomatic question' immediately arising. Be it borne in mind that nothing can relieve us of our responsibility before the world for Egyptian antiquities. The Director thereof ought plainly to be an Englishman, and I doubt not that the Englishman can be provided. We might then cut a better figure than we are cutting. We might even try to catch up with the United States, which, as a nation, is capable of far more excitement about antiquities than ourselves.

THE LATEST FROM THE DEUTSCHLAND

THE German 'commerce carrying' submarine, the Deutschland, is now moored in the Thames.

The British crew reported that when taken over the Deutschland was in a horrible condition, with a bad stench, potatoes and other rotten vegetables and old bread lying everywhere. There was evidently no scarcity on submarines. Before leaving the German crew had played some tricks with the engines, but nothing serious. The machinery was very roughly finished, and although it differed in many ways from all English types it did not show any new ideas. The officer in charge, who had evidently enjoyed himself professionally in finding out all its workings, said that after his two days on board he thought he could dive or trim the submarine all right.

'Did the Germans leave any keepsakes for you?' I asked one of the sailors. 'Well, not what you might call keepsakes,' he replied, rubbing his shoulder vigorously.

A NOTE BY E. RAY LANKESTER

THE following letter by Sir E. Ray Lankester is headed 'Anglo-Saxons and Anglo-Celts.'

To the Editor of the Times:

Sir,— The attempt to apply to existing 'nationalities' and 'peoples' names involving a statement of their *racial* constituents is open to the objections (*a*) that such names are almost invariably incorrect and misleading; (*b*) that they are frequently used in order to disseminate baseless prejudice.

The people of Great Britain are *not* 'Anglo-Saxons,' nor are they correctly described as 'Anglo-Celts'; nor does either name apply with any degree of accuracy to the people of the United States of America. Both are 'English-speaking peoples,' and that is the only designation which applies equally to them and to the peoples of the British Dominions and Commonwealth overseas. The term 'Celtic' is hopelessly wrong and confusing as popularly used to indicate racial elements in the British Islands — though less open to objection when limited to the designation of language, literature, and culture which is closely related to that of the great 'Alpine' or Celtic race of Europe.

A distinct kind of popular misapplication of a significant word is the thoughtless limitation of the adjective 'American' (which belongs to 'all that is' in both North and South America) to that restricted population, so dear and near to us, which inhabits the United States of North America.

Yours faithfully,
E. Ray Lankester.

NIGHT IN INDIA

FROM a little essay called 'An Indian Gaol,' comes this vivid memory of a tropical night.

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In India night is so much night. With the dropping of the sun a new world has birth. The air is hushed into a dreadful calm; the moon, if there be one, hangs magnified threefold, pouring a steady river of light on house and field and jungle; not a leaf stirs, but the trees stand out as if carved in stone, as if the very sap in their veins had ceased to run, as if they dared not breathe for fear of missing one moment of this gracious coolness after the terrible blaze of the day. Strange shapes pass to and fro overhead with wings which make no sound — fruit bats and owls and night-jars and huge, soft-bodied moths. The shadows under the trees are densely black and clear-cut as if marked in ink. On such a night our great iron gate as it clangs to can be heard for miles. Our lantern casts huge dancing shadows. Snakes rustle away in the dry, crisp grass which grows by the drains. In the far distance is the barking of dogs in a village, and anon the howling of the jackals. Heavy perfumes lade the air. The night seems to draw the existence out of one, so that one wonders sometimes if things are real, if this is not the solemn country of the dead in which men are walking unwittingly. My garden is like a map with its great shadows bright and dark. The bungalow stands up like a rock at sea, the oil lamp shining murkily through an open door. A frog is croaking monotonously from one of the tanks where the water has been left to stand. The bed with its shining white mosquito curtains set in the middle of the lawn invites us to join Nature in her repose, or at least to close our eyes to that world to which we scarcely seem to belong.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

The Right Honorable Sir George William Buchanan was the last British Ambassador to be accredited to Russia. He took office in 1910, and remained at Petrograd until the breaking off of diplomatic relations between Great Britain and the Russian revolutionists.

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The Manchester Guardian, from whose editorial columns we have reprinted 'Intervention: A British Protest,' reflects the attitude of the British radical-liberals. The influence of the *Guardian* extends far beyond the borders of its actual circulation.

* * *

Major General Sir Charles Callwell is a veteran soldier; during the war he was attached to the French army.

* * *

Henri Lavedan, novelist and writer of plays, is a member of the French Academy; Americans will remember him as the author of *The Duel.*

* * *

The Arbeiter Zeitung (Vienna) presents a somewhat less constrained view of Social Democratic policies than might be found in a German organ of the same party.

* * *

Festival, which was announced for this week's issue, will appear February 1.

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THE TRUST

BY C. A. A.

'These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off.'—Heb. xi, 13.

They trusted God — unslumbering and unsleeping
He sees and sorrows for a world at war,
His ancient covenant securely keeping;
And these had seen His promise from afar,
That through the pain, the sorrow, and the sinning,
That righteous Judge the issue should decide
Who ruleth over all from the beginning —
And in that faith they died.

They trusted England — scarce the prayer was spoken
Ere they beheld what they had hungered for,
A mighty country with its ranks unbroken,
A city built in unity once more:
Freedom's best champion, girt for yet another
And mightier enterprise for Right defied,
A land whose children live to serve their Mother —
And in that faith they died.

And us they trusted: we the task inherit,
The unfinished task for which their lives were spent;
But leaving us a portion of their spirit
They gave their witness and they died content.
Full well they knew they could not build without us
That better country, faint and far descried,
God's own true England: but they did not doubt us —
And in that faith they died.

The London Times

THE PEACEMAKERS

BY DAVID A. ROBISON

We who remain shall speak the word of peace,
Its terms — shall they be ours to frame?— ah, no;
Graven long since earth's charter of release,
Sealed with the million graves that daily grow.

Ours still the faith that burned in their young eyes,
Who, naught withholding, took the way untried,
Freedom their watchword, liberty the prize,
Honor their only and unquestioned guide.

Not ours their terms to whittle nor increase,
They, giving all, on our sure faith relied —
All valiant dead who warred that war might cease
What peace seek we save that for which you died?

The London Chronicle

TELL ME NOW

BY WANG CHI (6th and 7th Cent. A. D.)

'Tell me now, what should a man want
But to sit alone, sipping his cup of wine?'
I should like to have visitors come and discuss philosophy
And not to have the tax-collector coming to collect taxes:
My three sons married into good families
And my five daughters wedded to steady husbands.
Then I could jog through a happy five-score years,
And, at the end, need no Paradise.

(Translated from the Chinese by Arthur Waley.)

The New Statesman

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